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A full-page background image of a deep blue sea. In the upper left, a white sailboat with a single mast is visible. In the lower third, four people are swimming in the water, their heads and arms above the surface. The text 'TRY LIVING FOR A LIVING.' is superimposed in large, white, distressed font across the center.

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On the Cover
photographed by Gilles Bensimon
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THE RAW ISSUE

WHO CAN FORGET THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF A NAKED WOMAN?

When I was nine, I discovered a stash of my father's magazines on a basement shelf. I was awestruck. Those centerfolds were my introduction to idealized beauty. The appeal wasn't about their genetically remarkable voluptuousness, though. It was the expressions they wore—what I've now come to recognize as raw desire—that floored me, sparking an obsession with magazines that continues to this day.

That epiphany in the basement was very much on my mind the morning I walked into *Maxim*'s office in midtown Manhattan to take on a daunting challenge: reimagining the U.S.'s most widely read men's magazine for an era when glossy pages are increasingly being upstaged by smartphones, and silicone-filled pinups have ceded the limelight to a more authentic, self-possessed—if no less gorgeous—generation of women.

We started by stripping it down, pulling apart the structure. To rebuild something properly, you need to examine the foundation. We asked tough, existential questions. *What is Maxim? What keeps men's magazines relevant? What really matters?*

And that old standby: *Am I way higher than everybody else, or am I just being paranoid?*

An idea emerged from all that: What if we used the issue to explore a concept? And after tossing around a couple million of them, we settled on a notion that the women in those centerfolds would certainly recognize—*Raw*.

That's it. Just the word.

It suits us. Especially now, in this moment of reinvention.

If raw is about the essence of things, about stripping away the frills and the bullshit and getting down to what's real, Andre Dubus III, one of America's best novelists, captures the idea as well as anyone in a searing, highly personal essay (PAGE 28) that I'm thrilled to have in our pages.

The guy goes deep.

Thayer Walker also went deep to report his piece on spearfishing ("DEEP CUTS," PAGE 30), plunging into the shark-filled waters of the Marshall Islands to experience the visceral thrill of hunting a dangerous animal on its own terms. In "ABSOLUTE POWER" (PAGE 54), we test-drove the most hard-core gear money can buy, just for fun (a six-foot chain saw!?!); and with an assist from Mike Tyson, we went nose-to-nose with a ferocious new generation of boxers from the former Soviet Union who are winning titles in nearly every weight class ("BEASTS FROM THE EAST," PAGE 90). We enlisted the nation's top meat experts for "THE MAXIM GUIDE TO BUTCHERY" (PAGE 112), and writer Maureen O'Connor helped us take a long, hard look at the female posterior and its emergence as America's favorite body part (PAGE 38).

Meanwhile, though we don't want *Maxim* relegated to a guy's basement shelf, we don't shy away from sexy, either, as our features on Candice Swanepoel (PAGE 74) and actress Bianca Santos (PAGE 98) amply demonstrate.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but it's also in the eye of the beheld. If you're not sure what I mean, spend a minute looking at our cover image of the irresistible Ms. Swanepoel, shot by legendary photographer Gilles Bensimon. Sweet, playful, and confident in her own skin—and stripped of excess makeup or retouching—she is a perfect choice to kick off a whole new chapter for *Maxim*.

Check it out.



Editor in Chief

KATE LANPHEAR



PHOTO, RICK WENNER. BARBER, HOWDABARBER AT LEVELS BARBERSHOP IN BROOKLYN

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AS THE YOUNGEST HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IN BOXING HISTORY, **MIKE TYSON** TERRORIZED OPPONENTS. NOW, WITH HIS NEW DOCUMENTARY, *CHAMPS*, HE CEMENTS HIS PLACE IN THE SPORT'S HISTORY. AND IN HIS INTRODUCTION TO THIS ISSUE'S "BEASTS FROM THE EAST" FEATURE (PAGE 90), THE LEGENDARY PUGILIST PROVES HE'S NEARLY AS NIMBLE WITH WORDS AS HE WAS IN THE RING. **RAW TALK:** "When I think of the word *raw*, I think about unadulterated, hard-core. When people used to think I was crazy, what I really *was* was a real hard-core individual."



NEW YORK MAGAZINE SEX COLUMNIST **MAUREEN O'CONNOR** HAS COVERED OFFICE HOOKUPS AND SEXTING, CHEATING AND THREESOMES. IN THIS ISSUE'S ESSAY "BOTTOMS UP" (PAGE 38), THE PRINCETON GRAD REFLECTS ON OUR FAVORITE BODY PART AND WHY IT'S HAVING ITS MOMENT IN THE SUN. **RAW TALK:** "Something is raw when it is unrefined. It's about purity. To enjoy raw food, raw sex, or raw feelings, you must trust that the source of the rawness won't kill you—or enjoy the fact that it could."



GROWING UP IN THE POSTINDUSTRIAL MILL TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND, BEST-SELLING AUTHOR **ANDRE DUBUS III**—WHOSE NOVEL *HOUSE OF SAND AND FOG* PROVIDED THE RAW MATERIAL FOR A CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED HOLLYWOOD FILM—GOT TO EXPERIENCE "RAW" FIRSTHAND. THAT BACKGROUND MADE DUBUS (WHOSE MOST RECENT BOOK IS THE STORY COLLECTION *DIRTY LOVE*) THE PERFECT CHOICE TO REFLECT ON THIS ISSUE'S THEME, ON PAGE 28. **RAW TALK:** "For me the word *raw* has to do with being emotionally naked, and we're only emotionally naked when we're in the presence of some human truth. I hope my piece expressed that."



WHETHER BREAKING THE INTERNET WITH HER OFFBEAT MUSINGS AS FOUNDER OF THEHAIRPIN.COM (STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND GOOGLE "WOMEN LAUGHING ALONE WITH SALAD") OR HITTING THE TOWN WITH THE BOSTON BRUINS (GOOGLE THAT, TOO), **EDITH ZIMMERMAN** BRINGS A WRY WIT TO HER SUBJECTS. THIS MONTH SHE SAT DOWN WITH COVER GIRL CANDICE SWANEPOEL (PAGE 74). **RAW TALK:** "*Raw* is like an intersection of sexy, sleazy, sick, and healthy. Like a hot guy covered in cuts."



GILLES BENSIMON, THE ICONIC PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO SHOT SWANEPOEL, MAY KNOW MORE ABOUT THE SUBJECT OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAN ANYONE ON EARTH. OVER THE YEARS THE PARISIAN LENS MAN HAS WORKED WITH EVERYONE FROM GISELE AND BEYONCÉ TO ELLE MACPHERSON AND KELLY KILLOREN BENSIMON—THE LATTER TWO OF WHOM ARE AMONG HIS EXES. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT'S BEEN A GOOD LIFE. **RAW TALK:** "Today is all about protection: sunblock, sunglasses. But sometimes you want to keep things natural, honest. That's what I tried to do with Candice, and that's what *raw* means to me."

**THE
VODKA
THAT
NEVER
GOES
OUT OF
STYLE.**

Stoli

**THE
VODKA**





PHOTOGRAPHED BY **JAMIE CHUNG**



by ANDRE DUBUS III



T WAS BEING EIGHT OR NINE and walking into my parents' bedroom, my father on top of my mother, a sheet over them, the way my young father looked up at me: pleasure interrupted. It was the shock of cruelty, of being the new boy in school, getting called "Four Eyes" and "Faggot." It was the burning sting of a slap to my face, then the punch, a flash of green between my ears, the frozen ground rushing up to meet me. It was the kicks to my back and ribs and legs. It was the yelling and laughter of the other kids, and it was the standing up and brushing blades of grass off my clothes and picking up my glasses and refusing to wear them ever again.

It was playing with toy soldiers on the floor and watching my father on the couch crying. His hair was thinning but still dark, and he had a thick mustache and his eyes shone in the light of our black-and-white TV. A newsman held a microphone and behind him dead soldiers, 18, 19 years old, were being zipped into black bags and loaded into a helicopter, its blades whirring, this newsman's slick hair coming undone. "They're just boys," my father cried. "Goddamn it, they're just boys."

It was hearing about napalm. It was seeing that *Life* magazine photograph when I was nine years old of a pretty Vietnamese girl running naked down a dirt road, crying, her clothes burned off her, her village lost in black smoke behind her.

It was seeing a girl who looked like her on the bus, though all she had was the same dark hair and pretty face. It was wanting to kiss that girl, then one day kissing her up against the porch behind the house our mother had moved us to after our father drove away.

It was seeing my mother sleep alone.

It was watching her put on makeup then leave the house and climb into the cars of men we did not know. Once the back of a motorcycle.

It was lying in bed, 10, 11, 12 years old, and hearing her make love with those men. One boyfriend at a time, though the moaning sounded painful to me, and I felt I should do something about it. It was being younger than that and walking through the woods with my Daisy BB rifle. It was aiming at a small bird on a limb and squeezing the trigger and watching that bird fall. It was the sick feeling after, the pumping joyful terror and never wanting to do it again but doing it again and again.

It was coming back to their bodies days later, the squirm of maggots in the feathers.

It was watching my little brother beaten up in front of me by a grown man. It was looking into the mirror and telling my 14-year-old face he would never not fight again. It was getting only six push-ups. It was getting only 10 sit-ups.

It was changing my body from soft to hard.

It was the way that gym owner looked at me, 147 pounds and no whiskers or muscles, when I shot a right cross into the Everlast label on the heavy bag, and it jolted and swayed backward. It was how he told me if I do that in the street, he's going down.

It was doing that in the street for years and years.

It was the membrane breaking around each and every face, the soft thud of my fists on flesh and bone and cartilage giving way.

It was the little voice in my blood telling me I was only adding to the darkness of this world, that I would die doing this. Or the one squared off against me would die or I would go to prison or all three.

It was being locked in a cell with nine men. It was the smell of vodka-sweat and blood and piss on denim.

It was trying to stop all this by boxing in the ring. It was the strange intimacy of being shirtless, a mouth guard over my teeth, my fists wrapped with tape and tied into leather gloves. It was how your eyes never leave your opponent's eyes. Even as you shoot one into his face.

It was getting hit so hard in the side of my head, for days after I saw the world through a brown haze.

It was working construction all day with my only brother, then training for the Golden Gloves at night.

It was the night I did not run over icy sidewalks to the gym to train. It was how I brewed tea and sat at my small kitchen table in my small walk-up apartment and took paper and a sharpened pencil and wrote a scene.

It was how everything slowed down and then stopped then began to move so clearly.

It was the slipping inside a living person who was not me and asking what's it like to be *you*?

It was doing that every morning before grabbing my carpentry belt and tools and driving to the job site to measure and cut and fasten and sweat.

It was the sweetness of finding the words that burrowed inside and tossing out those that did not.

It was sitting in a dark theater and seeing onstage a dancer moving with fire through a furling funnel of other dancers. It was meeting that dancer months later and marrying her only months after that. It was making love with this woman I wanted to die alongside.

It was how she carried our three children inside her, dancing to the very end and beginning, each one coming through an incision in her abdomen while she lay there looking up at me, her eyes dark with trust that everything would be all right.

It was watching our son rise from the womb, his tiny, handsome face raging. Our daughter's, too, her eyes wide open. Our youngest son a sweet giant.

It was the sweetness of life now.

It was building my father's coffin out of pine with my brother. It was digging our father's grave with pick and shovel. It was lying in the bottom of my father's grave.

It was holding my three children. It was smelling their hair as I read to them, as we fed them, as we held them.

As we held them.

It was building the house I write in now. My brother and me. With our hands.

It's lying in this room I built in this bed I bought beside this woman I married.

It's 25 years later and all the love I feel.

The gratitude.

Yes, even for what was hard. Even for that.

Because what is raw is always what lies underneath.

It's what comes first and what lasts.

It's the heart of each breath.

It's the truth.

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ADRIAN GRENIER in the FLEECE JEAN

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DEEP CUTS

SPEARFISHING IS ONE OF THE PUREST, MOST CHALLENGING FORMS OF HUNTING IMAGINABLE—A WATERY DANCE OF PREDATOR AND PREY IN WHICH THE FISH HOLD A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE. ONE INTREPID WRITER TOOK THE PLUNGE.

by **THAYER WALKER**



NAUTICA

THERE HE IS: three feet long with a toothed fin that tears through the water. At first, he's little more than a shadow, a sloped, heavy profile in a cloud of reef fish. Then a shaft of sunlight hits his flank, and a flash of red catches my eye: snapper. I inch slowly into range, raise my spear gun, and take aim. I'm 40 feet deep on a waning breath of air, and my lungs begin to burn in protest. But I'm not leaving without dinner.

I've traveled halfway across the Pacific to the Marshall Islands in search of a challenge, a fair fight. Anyone can cast a line, crack a beer, and hope for a bite. Ninety-nine percent of rod-and-reel work is waiting, interrupted by the rare frenzy of a fish on the line. The biggest danger? Sunburn. For anyone seeking a truer test, there's no better option than grabbing a speargun and taking the fight to the fish.

Spearfishing is one of the most honest and physically demanding forms of hunting, one that requires you to face your prey on its terms. In a modern world that values comfort and convenience, the sport is rigorously archaic, a way to tap into the eons-old struggle between man and nature our ancestors faced when they stabbed their dinner with sharpened sticks. It's just you, the air in your lungs, and a glorified rubber-band gun in your hand.

At its purest, the sport is a breath-holding affair. Scuba tanks are bad form; plus, bubbles spook the fish. So before my trip, I spend three days in a pool where I'm taught proper form and the art of "breathing up"—taking quick inhalations to fill my airways. The hardest part is coping with the sizzle that racks my lungs. It's an unnatural state, but one I gradually adapt to. After a few days, I'm holding for three minutes and hitting 80 feet.

As with any worthy endeavor, the consequences of failure while spearfishing are harsh. Stay down too long and you'll black out and drown; spear a target incorrectly and it could swim around you and

tangle you in your own line, leaving you cocooned and helpless. Fire a shot into the flank of a 200-pound fish and prepare to be dragged through the deep. And then there are the sharks. You aren't the only predator in the water nursing a bloodlust. That said, if I wanted things safe, I'd stick to the shore.

Or that's what I tell myself as I perch on a catamaran in the Marshall Islands. Surrounded by 750,000 square miles of ocean and composed of 29 atolls, the area may be the world's fishiest. This island country near the equator has also established itself as the world's largest shark sanctuary. They're here for the fish—just like me.

SHUT UP AND DIVE

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HAWAII

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We set anchor at a reef pass where the atoll's lagoon flows into an unpredictable ocean. From a depth of five feet, the area drops to infinity, and I'm confronted with the fact that I'm about to join a food chain in which I don't sit at the top. But I silence the voice in my head and jump in.

A four-foot gray shark greets me as I hit the water. Grays are generally mellow, but I'm glad to be holding my speargun, four feet long, cocked and ready, bands taut as tendons. Weighing roughly eight pounds, it can hit targets up to 15 feet away but is most accurate at close range.

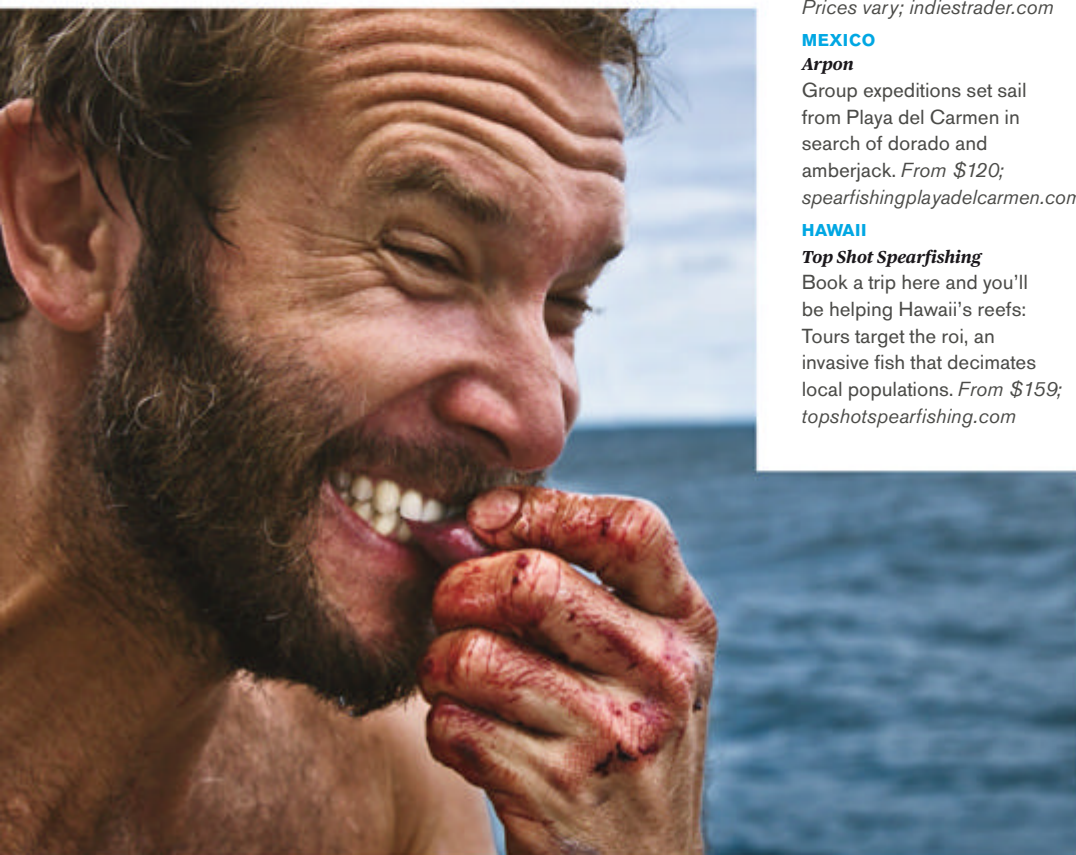
I head downward, body streamlined, chin tucked, kicking my fins as a weight belt pulls me deeper. My ears pop, and I hit the "sink stage," the point at which pressure overcomes buoyancy and the dive becomes a smooth glide.

This ocean is teeming. Green and blue parrotfish caper along on the reef; butterfly fish flutter through the coral. There are lots of options, but the goal isn't to blast everything in sight. Rather, it's to find that one fish that's going to make the best meal. I hover, searching for a target, but a gagging in my throat indicates it's time to surface.

The sport is as exhausting as it is invigorating: I see more action in 20 minutes than in a week of fishing. I develop a routine: two-minute-long dives between 30 and 50 feet, then three minutes of rest. Hours pass without a worthy target.

Then the snapper appears.

My spear releases with a hollow gulp. It hits just below the gills; blood and scales erupt in the water. A blacktip reef shark, sensing the kill twitching at the end of my spear, noses up from the depths. But he's 20 feet below, and this is my prize. I kick to the surface, gasping. Air never felt so sweet; dinner, I'm sure, will never taste this good.





NST 101
COLLECTION

NAUTICA

"DANIEL CRAIG IS GROWING ON ME, BUT I THINK JON HAMM SHOULD BE BOND. I DON'T CARE IF HE'S AMERICAN."

BOND AMBITION

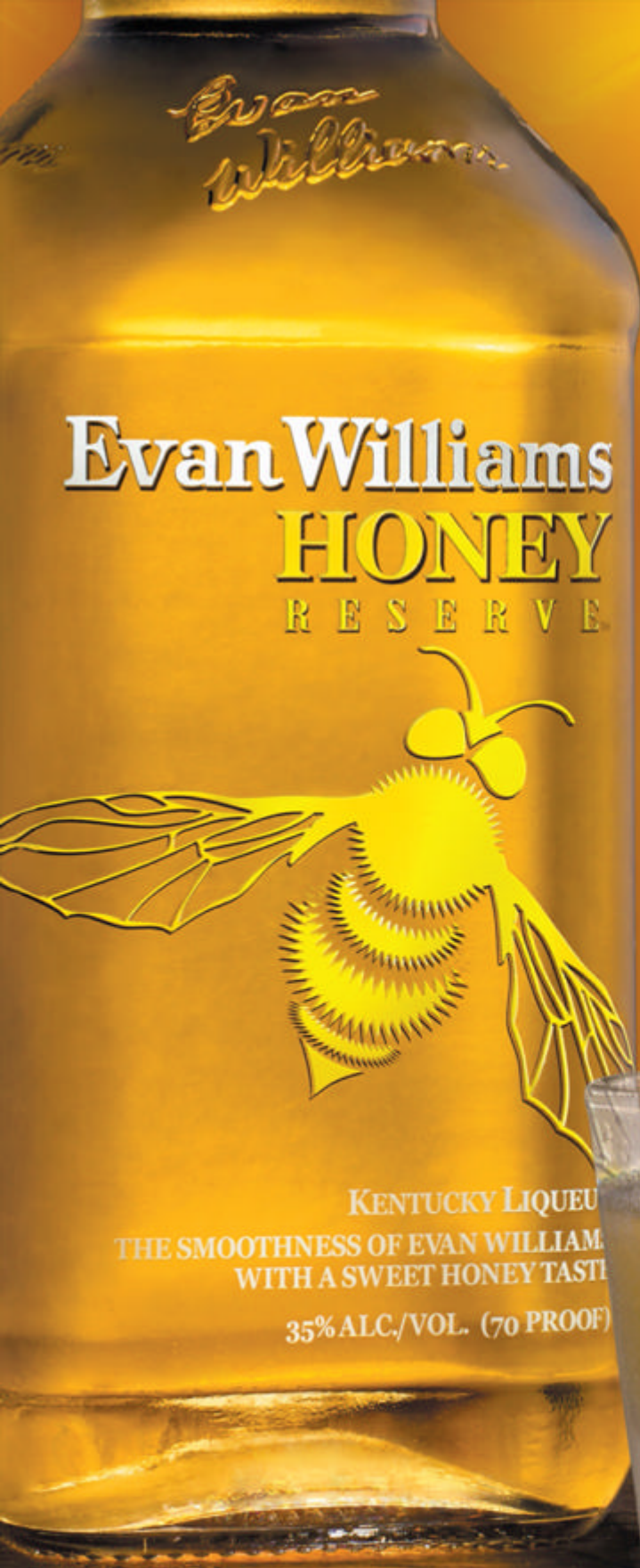
INTRODUCING NIIA,
A SULTRY SINGER
WITH A GOLDEN VOICE,
A FETISH FOR 007,
AND A LICENSE TO THRILL.

NIIA IS A WOMAN WITH DREAMS. "My ultimate goal is to get killed in a Bond movie," says the 26-year-old singer, whose last few years have been spent seducing audiences with her sultry update on classic jazz. "Even being an extra would be all I'd need in life." Growing up in a music-filled home, the fashion-world favorite—whose EP *Generation Blue* was released last fall—trained as a classical pianist before discovering the likes of Sarah Vaughan and Billie Holiday. But it was through 007 that she found her voice. "I was living in New York, frustrated that I hadn't finished any of my own music, and I was like, 'I just want to sing something!'" she says. Hence, NiiA's series of pop-up, Bond-themed shows featuring a 12-person orchestra, free-flowing martinis (shaken, not stirred), a strict dress code, celeb-filled crowds, and an Aston Martin parked out front. "There's nothing better than 'Goldfinger.' You hear those first two chords, and it's like, 'OK, I can die now,'" NiiA says of the concerts, which she plans to continue while working on her debut album. As for the current Bond, she's on the fence. "At first I hated Daniel Craig. He's too stocky! He is growing on me, though," she says. "But honestly, I think Jon Hamm should be Bond. And I don't care if he's American."

—David Swanson



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MARCH INTO MADNESS

INSIDE THE NCAA COLLEGE BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT'S MONEY, MARKETING, AND MEAN-SPIRITED NICKNAMES.

by ADAM K. RAYMOND

CASH GRAB

Each year the NCAA tournament enriches nearly everyone involved, with one notable exception: the college players who make it worth watching.

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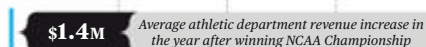
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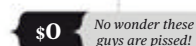
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BOTTOMS UP

FROM “BELFIES” TO
BUTT PADS, FINALLY
THERE’S AN OBSESSION
WE CAN GET BEHIND.

by MAUREEN O’CONNOR

YOU CAN JUDGE A CULTURE, to some degree, not just by whom it objectifies, but what body part. Homer raved about “bright-eyed Athena” and a sea nymph’s “fair ankles.” In idealizing the Virgin Mary’s maternity, Renaissance dudes developed a breast fixation. Victorians had a thing for small waists. And whereas earlier generations of Americans worshipped Pamela Anderson’s bust and Betty Grable’s legs, today’s most coveted assets are the behinds of Kim Kardashian, Nicki Minaj, and untold legions of raunchily rumped Instagram lovelies. Finally, after decades of displacement, our sexual obsession has returned to a frankly sexual body part. Forget elegant shoulders, the nape of the neck. We are living in a butt-lover’s paradise, an age of assless pants and up-the-crack thongs, butt-clapping booty dances, and fitness “twerk-outs.” Even *Vogue*, which has championed flat-backed femininity for decades, recently declared this “the Era of the Big Booty.” Buoyed by the exuberant profanity of Internet porn, not to mention the cheek-happy cheerleading of our most exalted tastemakers—the butt is back at the naughty epicenter of American sexuality.

Love of the derriere presents something of an erotic paradox. Humans are among the only creatures with enlarged rumps (a trait associated with bipedalism), yet the eroticized rear view is often stigmatized as animalistic. Sexual positions that display the butt are considered inferior, associated with a “doggy” instead of a pious “missionary.” When it comes to the age-old question “Tits or ass?”—the Betty-or-Veronica of male desire—the latter is generally deemed the more lurid fixation. Maybe that’s because butts are farther away from the face. Or because the non-sexual function of breasts is life-giving, while the nonsexual function of butts is...never mind.

Some evolutionary biologists believe breasts function as visual stand-ins for buttocks—something closer to eye level that made the female body identifiable and identifiably sexy, once we stopped roaming around on all fours. (Butt Lite, if you will.) When shown isolated images of ass cracks and heaving breasts, men are often unable to discern one cleavage from the other.

Unabashed sexual frankness is part of the butt’s appeal—and also why men who lust after ass are, in my experience, better lovers than men who favor boobs. The sexual pleasure a woman experiences with her top off pales compared with what happens when the butt—and neighboring zones—are in play. Without the possibility of eye contact or kissing, butt-focused sex acts are pure, honest-to-god *bangin’*. There is no Nicholas Sparks version of a rim job. And so the butt offers an appealing authenticity—a

welcome respite from a world of weak imitations, slick fakes, and phoniness in general. Due to the butt’s anatomical necessity, synthetic alterations like implants and pads are deeply inconvenient and thus relatively unpopular compared with their mammary counterparts. (Padded bras are available at every mall in America, while butt pads are considerably harder to find.) But the gluteus maximus is a muscle, and the most coveted butts tend to belong to those who perform the most squats. It’s sort of democratic: Even an unknown girl from Long Island like Jen Selter can, with enough grit, transform herself into the undisputed queen of the Instagram butt selfie. Every woman has an ass, and we’re all capable of improving it. But progress requires the kind of discipline that juice-cleansing CrossFit enthusiasts and Quantified Self obsessives have turned into a religion.

And yet, I hate to break it to you guys, but asses are not always what they appear to be in all those “belfies.” Taking a picture of one’s hindquarters is, of course, somewhat humiliating in and of itself. Instagrammers will sooner show you a butt pic than the awkward contortions they went through to get the shot. But once she gets into position, the forced perspective created by holding a camera at arm’s length above a bent-over and popped-out ass makes the poser’s buns look hugely round and her waist look tiny. And since holding that pose requires engaging every single balance-oriented muscle in the body, nothing even jiggles!

So when Kardashian “broke the Internet” with her baby-oil-coated rump last year, the mass public freak-out was not merely the logical conclusion to seven years of stardom launched by a sex tape. It was the peak moment in an ongoing, swelling shift in our sexual culture—an all-out race to the Bottom. The effect is so complete that when *Paper* published full-frontal photos from Kim’s naked photo shoot barely 24 hours after the butt pic, it felt almost like an afterthought. The ass broke the Internet—the rest was just a bonus. ■

**MEN WHO
LUST AFTER
BUTTS ARE,
IN MY EXPERIENCE,
BETTER LOVERS.**

WHAT PEOPLE
ARE SAYING
OVER MY CASKET:
"GOD, THAT
MAN LOVED TO
TAP-DANCE."

24 HOURS TO LIVE VINCE VAUGHN

How do you want to go? I can tell you how I *don't* want to go—waiting in line to pay parking tickets and having a light from the ceiling fall on my head. **Do you have any deathbed confessions?** I invented Twitter. **Will you be going to heaven or hell, and why?** Heaven, because everyone knows it has a better food court. **Which movies are playing on repeat in heaven? In hell?** Heaven would be *Rudy*, and hell would be *The Cell*. **What's on the soundtrack in hell?** It would be someone asking these questions on a continuous loop put to techno music. **As the star of *True Detective* season 2, what's the one unsolved mystery you'd most like to solve?** If it's not butter, what is it? **What's the one thing you absolutely will not miss?** *iCarly*. **While alive, what did you spend the most money on?** Turning my living room into an exact replica of the set of *iCarly*. **Name one thing you're glad you'll never have to do again on**

Earth. Stretching. **Where would you go on your last vacation, and why?** I would go to De Smet, South Dakota, to the home of the real *Little House on the Prairie* author Laura Ingalls Wilder to stand where her main character, Isaiah Edwards, once stood. As for why: I'm honestly not sure. **The theme of this issue of *Maxim* is "raw." What was the rawest experience you ever had here on Earth, and why?** Being born. Do the math. **What are people saying over your casket?** God, that man loved to tap-dance. **Got any last words?** Is there a bathhouse in here?

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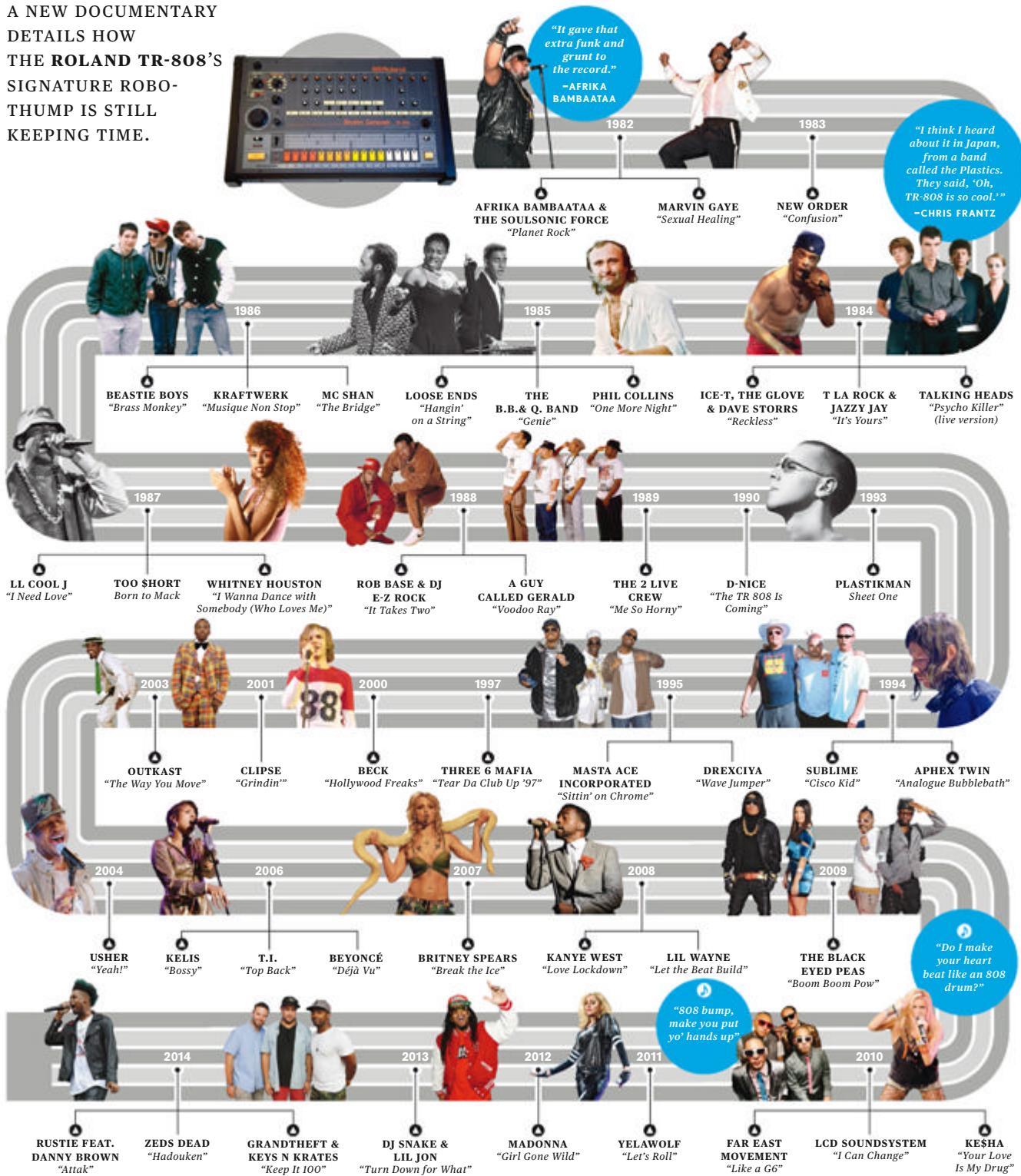
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THE BEAT GOES ON

A NEW DOCUMENTARY DETAILS HOW THE ROLAND TR-808'S SIGNATURE ROBO-THUMP IS STILL KEEPING TIME.

IT MAY BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST DRUMMER. When the now legendary TR-808 Rhythm Composer was introduced in 1980 by Japanese electronics company Roland, it was promptly deemed inferior to competing drum machines, which sounded less robotic and more real. Roland sold only 12,000 units, halting production of the 808 in 1983. Many ended up in pawn shops and Salvation Armys, but not for long. The groundbreaking beatbox soon found favor among daring musicians from the Bronx to Tokyo, and its unmistakable artificiality became ubiquitous across hip-hop, pop, house, and techno, inspiring everything from band names (808 State) to album titles (Kanye West's *808s and Heartbreaks*). Now a new documentary, *808: The Movie*, salutes the legacy of this landmark machine. Here are just some of the songs shaped by its inimitable sound. —*Rob Tannenbaum*





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SNAP BACK

THE BEST PART OF INSTANT CAMERAS IS WHAT THEY LACK—FILTERS, TAGS, SHARING, LIKES, AND INFINITE DUPLICATION. THEY PRODUCE A SINGLE SNAPSHOT—ACTUAL, INTIMATE, AND REAL.

A PICTURE USED TO BE WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS. But then smartphones and social media arrived, burying us in selfies, usies, and artfully filtered images of Sunday's eggs Benedict. Luckily, people are once again realizing there's something pure in snapping a photo, an actual photo, that can be pinned to a board or passed around at a party. Instant cameras, models that spit out shots that develop before your eyes, are back. Our favorite? **The Lomo'Instant Black + 3 Lenses** (\$149; lomography.com), a slick, long-exposure shooter that produces clean, sharp images. With one in hand, you'll be free from concern about thumbs-ups and comments, and more likely to snap moments you actually want to remember. —*Matt Berical*

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RUM AND REVOLUTION

MORE INTOXICATING THAN A DRINK
ARE THE MEMORIES IT EVOKES.
FOR **RICK BRAGG**, RUM CONJURES
A RAMSHACKLE BAR IN WARTIME
PORT-AU-PRINCE.

THE BAR IN PÉTIONVILLE LEANED DRUNKENLY ON A HILLSIDE. The power came and went, plunging the city into darkness at intervals, lingering just long enough to keep the beer cool in the ancient ice chest. But it was too dark a time for beer.

Haiti was, as usual in the early 1990s, bathed in blood, but men never drink as much as they do between funerals, and there were so many of them in Port-au-Prince those days that the processions often intersected. Pétionville was an upscale section, at a lofty remove from the vast slums at the waterfront, but even here among the rich folks, you could feel the country sliding deeper into violence. The democratically elected president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, had fled, and the poor Haitians who had put him in office were being murdered amid a military coup.

A rock or a chunk of concrete, something hard, struck the wall of the bar in the pitch-black.

The men at the bar, writers and photographers and genuine expatriates, scarcely flinched; it was only serious when it was bullets and machetes.

"Barbancourt?" the bartender said. The men answered in French. He poured the rum straight.

It tasted like sweet, harsh, liquid smoke. It tasted like the place, redolent of Haiti's deep magic and rich and tortured history. It was easy to believe, after a glass or three, in incantations, and in the stumbling, moaning dead. But I knew it was the living you had to fear in Haiti.

I sat numb as the men spoke about the killing, and the embargo, and the possibility of a U.S. invasion. Or at least I think that was what they were talking about. I was pretty ignorant of French, and drunk and sleepy. But I never forgot that taste.

I had it again years later in a white-tablecloth restaurant in New Orleans, the Upperline.

I had another, and in my head I drifted across the water.
So this is why they call it spirits.



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WATCH THE THRONE

ON THE EVE OF HIS BUZZIEST EXHIBITION IN YEARS, THE LATE ART-WORLD SUPERSTAR **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT** FACES OFF WITH HIS WOULD-BE HEIR, **OSCAR MURILLO**.



SINCE AT LEAST the mid-1980s, gallerists have dreamed of discovering the “next” Jean-Michel Basquiat, perhaps the most iconically cool artist of all time. Rising London scribble-painter Oscar Murillo may now be the closest we have to the notorious JMB, who dated Madonna and nearly upstaged his mentor, Andy Warhol. The parallels are obvious: deeply ambitious, conversant in everything from graffiti culture to abstract expressionism, and effortlessly charismatic, transfixing world-class curators and flashy celebrity collectors alike. As the Brooklyn Museum prepares to launch “Basquiat: The Unknown Notebooks” next month, here’s a look at how his latest challenger stacks up. —Chris Wilson

BASQUIAT		MURILLO
27 when he died of a heroin overdose in 1988 (born 1960, Brooklyn)	AGE	29 (born 1986, La Paila, Colombia)
New York City graffiti artist (tag: SAMO), poet, guitarist in noise-rock band Gray	PRE-FAME GIGS	London art-gallery installer, office cleaner, high school teacher
\$48.8 million for <i>Dustheads</i> , in 2013	BIGGEST SALE	\$401,000 for <i>Untitled (Drawings off the Wall)</i> , in 2013. (Keep at it, buddy!)
“I don’t know anybody who needs a critic to find out what art is.”	CREATIVE PHILOSOPHY	“Any opportunity of artistic achievement comes with an opportunity to infiltrate a social class.”
Collectors include Madonna, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Metallica drummer Lars Ulrich. Referenced in raps by Jay Z and Kanye West; played by Jeffrey Wright in Julian Schnabel’s 1996 biopic; appeared as a DJ in Blondie’s “Rapture” video	FAMOUS FRIENDS	Collectors include Orlando Bloom and New York Giants co-owner Steve Tisch. (DiCaprio, who was rumored to have bought one of Murillo’s paintings, has yet to publicly make his coveted fandom official.)
“[Has] a marvelously intuitive understanding of the language of modern painting.” —Art dealer Jeffrey Deitch 	GUSHING QUOTE	“Perhaps the most talked-about young artist in the world.” —Vulture.com 



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IN THE CLEAR

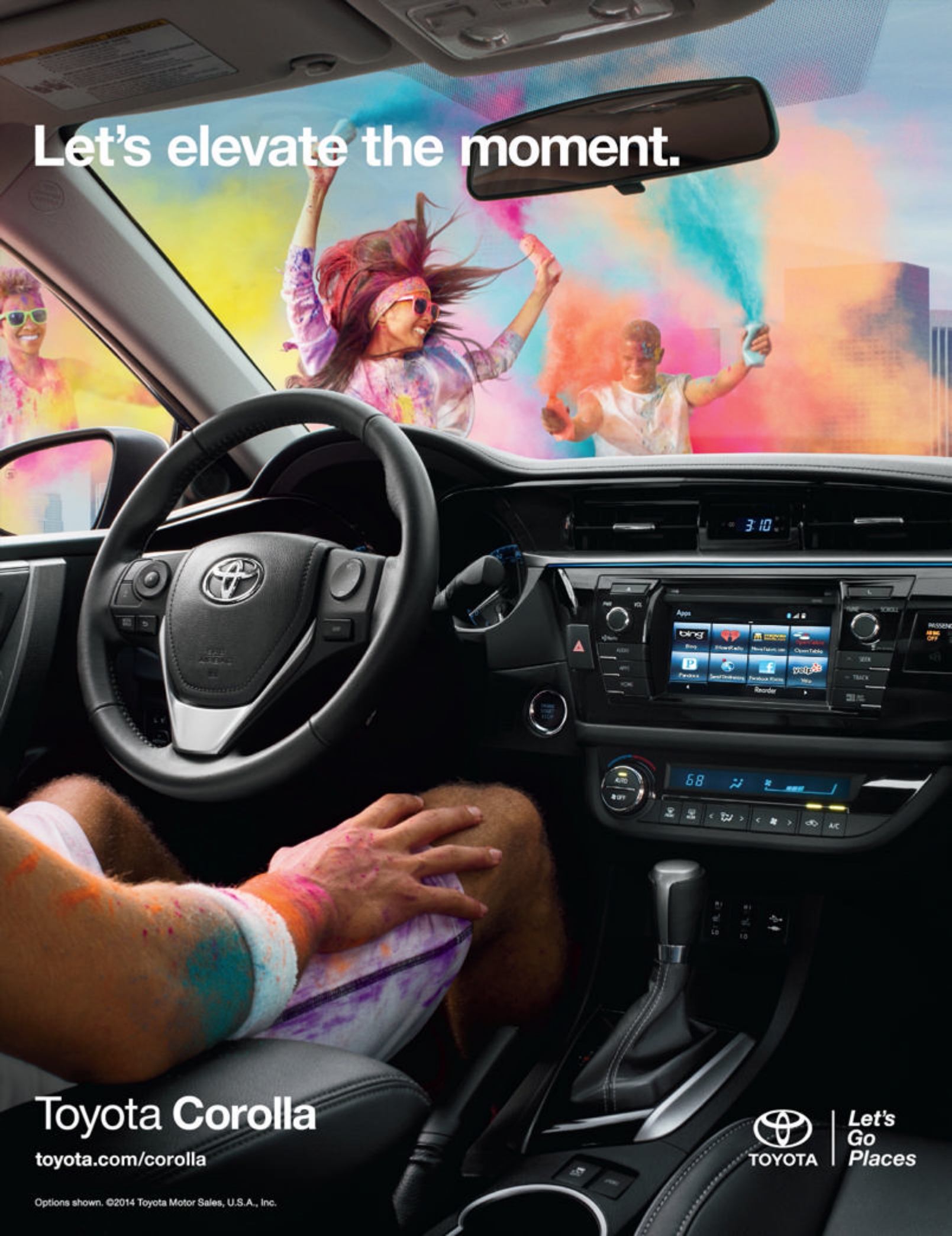
A SEE-THROUGH SPEAKER THAT
BRINGS THE NOISE AND
LOOKS DAMN COOL DOING IT.



QUITE A SPECIMEN, ISN'T IT, floating there in its sealed glass cabinet—a high-end speaker treated with a reverence more typically reserved for a shard of ancient pottery or the knucklebone of some medieval saint. Hi-fi stereo seems an equally musty notion in the Beats era, but the **Transparent Speaker** from **People People** is something special. This bold streaming sound maker consists of two 3-inch drivers and a throbbing 6.5-inch subwoofer strung together by snaking audio cables, all floating eerily in a tempered-glass and aluminum shell. Plugged into a USB device or fitted with an AirPlay or Bluetooth receiver, the system pumps out wide, pulsing audio thanks to a digital signal processor and a 100-watt amplifier seated within its gloriously retro control panel. For once, what you hear—and see—is what you get. \$849; us.peopleproducts.co —*Matt Berical*



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WEARABLE, UNBEARABLE

RESIST THE ONSLAUGHT OF “WEARABLE TECH,” FROM SMARTWATCHES AND FITNESS TRACKERS TO THE RECENTLY SHATTERED GOOGLE GLASS.

by ADAM K. RAYMOND

THANKS TO SCIENCE, computer chips are now so tiny and versatile, they can function virtually anywhere. So like an unruly toddler with a brand-new pack of stickers, tech innovators have decided to slap them all over their bodies—and ours. The resulting “wearables” are the hottest thing in Silicon Valley since overearnest mission statements and zippered hoodies.

They’re also useless gimmicks that often sound like discarded ideas from a *Spy Hard* brainstorming session. There are GPS-connected shoes that actually relay directions by vibrating your feet, leg sensors that sync up to a drumming app when you slap your knee, and even a wristband that constantly records audio and saves 60-second clips with the push of a button. Think of all the “that’s what she said”s that have been lost to history!

The good news? Such devices are already going the way of the electric egg scrambler. Gartner Inc., which tracks the “hype cycle” of new tech, notes expectations are falling as the category heads toward the “trough of disillusionment.” (The phrase, which sounds like the name of an emo band, refers to the moment when interest fades and everyone moves on.)

Not even the big boys are winning with wearables. Nearly two years after Google Glass launched, it was pulled from the market after being widely derided as a goofy luxury item synonymous with Silicon Valley pretension. Samsung is having so much trouble getting its smartwatch right, it has released six versions in roughly a year. Then there’s Apple, which says its watch—which isn’t fully functional unless you’re also carrying an iPhone—“represents a new chapter in the relationship people have with technology.” Maybe...if the chapter is called “Trying to keep track of two devices when one was more than adequate.”

Boasting clocks, calendars, cameras, and apps, smartwatches are a hell of a lot like smartphones, except most don’t make calls. That leaves companies scrambling to justify their existence, often by touting them as a solution to problems that don’t exist. Here’s some Sony ad copy for its SmartWatch: “At work, you can be discreetly notified of incoming e-mail, calendar events, and other important information.” Because who wants to suffer the shame of being caught reading e-mail at work?

As lame as they are, smartwatches aren’t what makes the wearable revolution deplorable; it’s the fringe gadgets. Take Mimo, a onesie that tracks your sleeping baby’s breathing and body position—perfect for the new parent who

needs more stress. Or No More Woof, a headset that claims to translate canine thoughts into human language. Now when your dog barks, you’ll know he’s really saying: “I just pooped in your shoes because you’re too busy analyzing the data from your smart underwear to walk me.”

It’s not enough to do dumb things; these products also *look* dumb. From Google Glass to fitness trackers, wearables are at worst hideous, and at best, not completely hideous.

But the real reason to resist the onslaught is not aesthetics or functionality but privacy. These devices generate information that can be easily exploited. Last year such data was used as courtroom evidence for the first time, ushering in an era where our gizmo-monitored movements can be used against us.

So let’s add *pernicious* to *redundant* and *expensive*. While we’re at it, let’s also add *soon to be obsolete*. Because however much tech firms want you to think wearables are the future, they’re already on their way to being outmoded...by implantables. After all, who needs a smartwatch when you can have a state-of-the-art sensor surgically embedded right in your occipital lobe?



GET TO KNOW

THE UNKNOWN

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by BILLY BROWN





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A man with a short haircut and light beard is sitting on a metal bench. He is wearing a light blue cable-knit sweater over a striped shirt, blue jeans, and dark grey Skechers RelaxedFit sneakers with white soles. A tan backpack is slung over his shoulder. The background is a weathered, light-colored wall.

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HERE, A HANDY GUIDE.

THE PARTY STARTS NOW

Indie-fueled day parties are the lifeblood of SXSW.



THE CASE FOR SXSW

It's still the best party in Austin. But do it right: Ditch the meathead-heavy, PR-infused, urine-soaked main drag and head for the outskirts of town.

WE'VE ALL HEARD THE RAP:

After 28 years as the nation's coolest arbiter of indie rock, SXSW has become a gridlocked corporate nightmare. The lines are too long, the hipsters too smug, and no matter how many hands you grease, the odds of seeing the band you discovered on Pitchfork's "Best New Music" lineup are slim to you're-out-of-your-mind. But here's the reality: SXSW is still one hell of a good time. The cynics are just doing it wrong.

SXSW continues to attract thousands of yet to be discovered acts hoping to make a splash in the spirit of festival breakouts like John Mayer and the White Stripes. But, more important, the event still draws throngs of people from around the world who are simply

looking to party their faces off and catch some shows along the way.

The best way to make SXSW 2015 an experience worth your time, money, and liver is to resist the urge to jump into the rat race. Sixth Street—the festival's epicenter—is what frat pledges envision when they ponder the afterlife. Avoid it. If you can smell "Dirty Sixth" or see a savvy hobo hawking down-to-earth "street wisdom," you're too deep in the heart of downtown darkness. The farther you venture from SXSW's festering nucleus, the easier it will be to justify your hangovers. In just about any establishment within a five-mile radius, a way more enjoyable version of the madness is in full swing. Day parties are the heart and soul of the festival, and they're everywhere. An afternoon boozing, flirting with hipster girls, and watching still-emerging indie bands is well worth the trip. East of downtown, true blue dives offer an aggressively grittier take on SXSW, while a five-minute cab ride north will put you near University of Texas, where local watering holes cater to a more Austin-y crowd.

Only after midnight will you want to venture downtown. Bars in Austin close at 2 A.M. But Barbarella, the most raucous PBR-fueled disco this side of Oakland, stays open until 3 A.M. That'll give you an extra hour before heading across the street to cap off the night with Roppolo's pizza, the breakfast of a true SXSW champion. —Chase Hoffberger

LONG BEFORE "EDM" WAS EVEN a twinkle in a music executive's eye—before every song this side of Kenny Chesney came complete with a face-melting drop—there was Ultra Music Festival, the 72-hour climax to Miami's annual Winter Music Conference. Over the past 17 years, Ultra has evolved from a "nobody listens to techno"-era beachside rave to a seminal event in pop culture, establishing the styles and trends that will permeate the airwaves for the next 12 months. It's the place where everything seems to start. It's where Madonna asked, "How many people in this crowd have seen Molly?" It's where Swedish House Mafia performed their final set and where Disclosure made its American debut. Even Deadmau5, who swore he'd never return, came crawling back a year later.

Sure, other EDM festivals are larger, but none can contend with Ultra's mix of industry titans and innovative up-and-comers. And music isn't the only reason more than 160,000 people converge on Bayfront Park every March. There's an alchemy achieved only when you combine throngs of ravers, party-perfect beach weather, a pervasive I'll-sleep-when-I-die mentality, and enough MDMA to sustain world peace for the next decade. It's a bacchanalian paradise, a vibrant sea of sun-kissed skin, whirling glow sticks, and scantily clad girls in booty shorts, all orbiting the main stage, which illuminates downtown Miami. You want a melting pot? Where else are you likely to find drugged-out fairies (bikini, nylon butterfly wings, furry boots), abdominal demons (pleated shorts, CamelBak, on the prowl for "vitamin P"), and über-rich foreigners (shirtless, wearing their Eastern European home flags as capes) inhabiting the same space? And if you're looking for some musical variety, just stray from the glow and check out the satellite stages—house and techno in one direction, hip-hop and electro in another.

So pack your novelty SpongeBob tote, your disco whistle, and your pogo stick for advanced crowd maneuvering. Leave behind your dress clothes and stodgy attitudes. And save your sleep for the voyage home. —Kat Bien

THE CASE FOR ULTRA

Put down the glow sticks, move away from the Molly: Ultra is more than just ground zero for the newest and greatest electronic dance music on the planet. You just need to know where to look.

View from Ultra's main stage



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CANDICE SWANEPOEL
GOT HER WINGS.

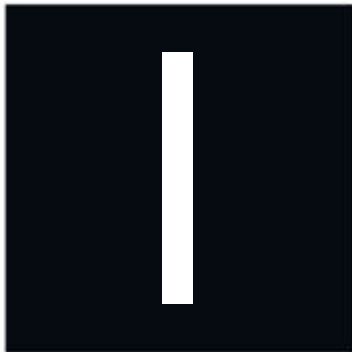
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILLES BENSIMON STYLED BY CAROLINE CHRISTIANSSON



**Previous
spread:**
Top, Topshop.

This page:
Top, Azzedine
Alaïa. Bottom,
Victoria's Secret.



MEET CANDICE SWANEPOEL on a dreary almost-winter evening in Manhattan, at the downtown studio where she's wrapping up a shoot for a spring issue of the Victoria's Secret catalog. I watch the last "look," for which she perches on a prop bed in the middle of a concrete studio filled with various fluffy-looking items (furry pillows, pastel ottomans, etc.) and models an electric-yellow bra-and-panty set. She

rolls into dozens of bed-appropriate poses, one after the next, camera flashing. In action, she's extraordinary—professional and focused, all business, killing each shot. A dozen people right out of fashion-shoot central casting, all wearing shades of black or gray, stand by watching every move.

When the shoot ends, Swanepoel changes into civilian clothes (a loose, long-sleeve white-cotton T-shirt, tight blue jeans with gaping holes in the knees, black Nikes) and we chat for a while on a couch nearby. Later that night she is meeting up with other Angels to watch the annual Victoria's Secret Fashion Show prime-time broadcast on CBS: "We all watch it together and scream," she says, conjuring an image out of a million male fantasies. "We eat popcorn and laugh at ourselves."

I wouldn't say she's more beautiful in person than she is in her pictures, but it's a different kind of beautiful—a more natural, warmer, less cartoonish beautiful. She has faint and lovely crinkles in the corners of her eyes when she smiles, which is often. When I told my mom that I'd be interviewing Candice, she e-mailed back: "That supermodel looks warmer than most—she has a great smile." It's true.

When you look at thousands of Candice photos, you see lots of different people in her. She has that chameleonlike quality common to great models. From some angles, she can look like a young Cameron Diaz, from others, Uma Thurman. But after a while, the things that consistently leap out are that friendly-but-dazzling smile and her near-supernatural hip-to-waist ratio. She's the kind of girl I'd probably fantasize about suffocating at a middle school slumber party (just kidding!), although she probably wouldn't have ever been there to begin with—or at least not for long.

After growing up on a beef and dairy farm in the small South African village of Mooi River, she was scouted at age 15 at a flea market, plucked from her all-girls boarding school, and within two years was modeling throughout Europe and living in New York. Now even if you don't know the name, you know the face and the body. She's been on tons of magazine covers and starred in campaigns for Oscar de la Renta and Versace. But she's best known as one of the most prolific Victoria's Secret brand ambassadors. She also happens to be the reigning Number One on this magazine's annual Hot 100.

I ask her if she sometimes feels older than her age. (She's 26.)

"Yes!" she says. "I definitely do. In one way I feel much older, because I've had to deal with a lot more responsibility and a career and money at an early age. But at the same time, there's still a 15-year-old girl in me, one who doesn't even have a driver's license." She laughs.

She became an "Angel"—inducted into the elite secret society of VS

models, entry requirements unknown, limited to just eight members at a time, thank you very much—in 2010. In 2012, *Forbes* listed her as one of the top-10 earning models on the planet, and last year she booked more than \$3 million in modeling fees. Today only three models have more Instagram followers than Candice's 4.7 million (Kendall Jenner, Miranda Kerr, and Cara Delevingne). Such numbers represent an evident shift in the way supermodels come to fame/power/glory. Sure, Kate Upton became an overnight sensation via that YouTube video of her dancing the Dougie at a Clippers game, but Candice is building her fan base methodically, one post at a time. *Forbes* called her "an expert at Instagram selfies." And Upton, whose career trajectory seems to mirror Swanepoel's at times (Candice's fashion-cred breakthrough came with a Steven Meisel Italian *Vogue* cover in February 2011; Kate's followed in November of the next year), has a relatively paltry 1.7 million followers. Swanepoel is winning online, hands down.

Sitting with Swanepoel while everyone else from the shoot files slowly out (she makes kissy sounds and says "Merci!" to the crew members as they leave), I ask what it's like to be beautiful for a living.

"It is funny to base your work all on your appearance," she says, "and sometimes I feel guilty for that, you know? But I don't see myself the way other people see me. With the right hair and makeup and people, it all becomes an art project. I look at myself in the third person, because that girl in the pictures isn't me: It's a girl I created to cope with the spotlight. I had to get over a lot of shyness to do this job."

And of course, there are always haters. "It hits so close to home when people reject you," she admits. "When people comment, it's not 'Oh, that magazine was shitty'; it's like 'Oh, your face is shitty.' It's why a lot of girls grow a really thick skin, which I had to. So not much gets to me easily."

On her birthday, Swanepoel Instagrammed a video of herself wearing a Jamaican-flag T-shirt adorned with a marijuana leaf and Bob Marley caption. She's a reggae fan. She's also a devotee of Burning Man, which she attends with pals, but doesn't "really like to advertise it, because then it's not sacred anymore."

I ask her if anything strange has happened to her on the job recently, and she laughs. "Earlier today, when the makeup woman was rubbing cream on my bum, she was like, 'What is this job!?' I'm like..." Swanepoel trails off, implying agreement, amusement, an overall WTF-ness at the absurdity of the business she's in.

As we're packing up to leave, she tells me she's planning to market her own line of jeans. Proceeds are set to go to mothers2mothers, a charity aimed at eliminating childhood AIDS. "Hopefully, we make a shitload of money," Candice says, flashing that dazzling smile one last time. ■

**"IT'S FUNNY TO
BASE YOUR
WORK ON YOUR
APPEARANCE,
AND SOMETIMES
I FEEL GUILTY
FOR THAT,
YOU KNOW?"**



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Calvin Klein.







HAIR, KAYLA MICHELE AT STREETERS USING ORIBE HAIR CARE; MAKEUP, CAROLINA GONZALEZ AT PHOTO
OP MANAGEMENT INC. FOR TARTE COSMETICS; STYLIST ASSISTANT, RUFUS KELLMAN

Shirt,
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GAME OVER

WITH HIS INTERNATIONAL BEST-SELLER *THE GAME*, NEIL STRAUSS
BROUGHT THE MYSTERIOUS ART OF NO-FAIL SEDUCTION TO THE MASSES—AND BECAME
THE MOVEMENT'S TOP PRACTITIONER. THEN HE FELL IN LOVE.
CAN THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PICKUP ARTIST SURVIVE A STINT IN SEX REHAB?



I AM NOT THE HERO OF THIS TALE. I AM THE VILLAIN. WHEN I LOOK BACK ON MY TEEN-AGE YEARS, I SEE A MALNOURISHED NERD WEARING CHEAP BLACK-RIMMED PLASTIC GLASSES TOO BIG FOR MY LITTLE FACE YET TOO SMALL FOR MY GIGANTIC EARS. AND I SEE BROWN HAIR CHOPPED AWKWARDLY SHORT—AT MY REQUEST. I HATED MY CURLS. EVERYONE ELSE HAD STRAIGHT HAIR, AND I WANTED TO FIT IN.

My losing ways continued not just through high school—where my prom date left the dance with another guy—but through college and my twenties. I eventually got a job touring with rock bands as a music journalist, yet even with an all-access backstage pass dangling around my neck, the adventures happened to everyone else.

But one day, everything changed: I embedded myself in an underground community of pickup artists, hoping to turn my losing streak around. Soon I found myself traveling around the world with them, meeting women in bars, clubs, cafés, and streets. I became obsessed with making up for all the fun and adventure I'd missed out on. *The Game*, the book I wrote about my education at the hands of these unlikely lotharios, became so infamous that it eclipsed everything I'd done before.

Then I found I couldn't turn it off. Even after I finally snapped out of it, found a girlfriend, and shut the door behind me, I still couldn't stop. *The Game* was like a disease. Quite possibly an addiction.

So it is with equal parts frustration, remorse, and irony that, five years later, I find myself standing in the parking lot of a Level 1 psychiatric hospital*, preparing to check in and unlearn everything I've spent so much time and energy learning.

There are people in this hospital who will die without the intervention. They're going to drink or snort or inject themselves to death. Next to them I feel like an impostor. Because I am here for a very different reason: I cheated on my girlfriend.

I told you I was the villain.

A HAIRY MAN IN GREEN NURSE SCRUBS TAKES MY LUGGAGE, stretches a pair of latex gloves over his hammy fists, and starts searching for contraband.

"We don't allow books here."

The only other place I've been where books are confiscated is North Korea. Taking away books is a tactic of dictators. Even in prison, inmates can have books.

But this is my punishment, I tell myself. I'm here to be retrained, to learn how to be a decent human being. I've hurt people. I deserve to be in this hospital, this prison, this asylum, this convalescent home for weak men and women who can't say no.

After he also confiscates my razor and nail clippers, a green-smocked nurse—rail-thin and sinewy, with sun-damaged skin—leads me to a private room and wraps a blood pressure cuff around my arm.

"We need to take your vitals four times a day for the next three days," she says. Her eyes are dull, the words mechanical.

"Why is that?"

"We get people withdrawing and we want to make sure they're going to be OK," she explains. She lets me know my blood pressure is high.

Of course it's high, I want to say. You're taking away all my shit and treating me like I'm about to die from lack of sex.

But I stay quiet. And I submit. Like a good cheater.

She gives me a pager I'm told to wear at all times. Then she thrusts one form after another in front of me. Patients' rights, liability, a pledge not to commit suicide—and the rules. More damn rules. One paragraph forbids me from having sex with any patient, nurse, or staff member. The next says that patients may not wear bikinis, tank tops, or shorts—and must wear bras at all times.

"So I have to put on a bra?" I joke.

"It's kind of silly," the nurse concedes, "but we have sex addicts in here." The words leave her mouth with scorn and fear, as if these sex addicts are not normal patients but creepy predators to beware of.

She moves on to the next form. "What are you here for?"

"Cheating."

It sounds lame. I'm in a mental hospital because I couldn't say no to new sex partners. So I add: "And to improve my relationship."

There comes a time in a man's life when he looks around and realizes he's made a mess of everything. He's dug a hole for himself so deep that he doesn't even know which way is up anymore. And that hole for me has always been relationships. When I'm single, I want to be in a relationship. When I'm in a relationship, I miss being single. And worst of all, when the relationship ends and my captor-lover finally moves on, I regret everything and don't know what I want anymore. You go through this cycle a few times, and one day you realize that, at this rate, you're going to grow old alone: no wife, no kids, no family. You'll die and it will be weeks before the smell gets strong enough that someone finds you.

The nurse looks up to face me. It is the first time she's made eye contact. I see something soften. I'm no longer an addict or a pervert. I've said the magic R-word: *relationship*.

Her lips part and moisten; her whole demeanor is different now. She actually wants to help me. "The first step," she says, "is finding someone to date who's healthy."

I think of Ingrid, whose heart I broke, whose friends want to kill me, who never did anything wrong but love me.

"I found that person," I say with a sigh. "That's what made me realize it's just me." She hands me a red badge with a long piece of white string looped through it. "You're in red two," she says. "You're required to wear your badge at all times."

"What does red two mean?"

"The tags are color-coded. Red is for sex addicts. And the red two group is in therapy with"—she pauses and flashes a brief, uncomfortable smile—"Gail."

I can't tell whether it's fear or pity in her expression, but for some reason the name fills me with a crawling dread.

THESE ARE THE WAYS IN WHICH MY SEXUAL ADDICTION HAS hurt my life," the man begins. He is skinny and blond, with a sweet, boyish face, ruddy cheeks, and the beginnings of an oddly incongruous potbelly. His red name tag identifies him as Calvin.

I'm in a group therapy room, and there are 10 chairs pushed against the side and back walls, each filled with a broken man. Against the front wall is a rolling chair, a desk, and a file cabinet filled with the sins of countless sex addicts.

Sitting in that chair is a tall woman with a pear-shaped body and a tight bun of unwashed brown hair. She's wearing a loose-fitting flowered top over brown slacks and flat shoes. The edges of her lips are pulled slightly downward. She looks the group over, careful not to make eye contact with anyone. Whatever the opposite of sex is, she embodies it.

This is Gail.

"I lost my house and my brother," Calvin continues. "I booked a trip

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around the world with him and snuck away to see escorts in almost every city. I've spent a total of \$125,000 over the course of my life on escorts."

"Are you counting everything you've spent?"

"I think so." He braces himself as if he's about to be attacked.

"Did you include your Internet bill?"

"No."

"Do you use the Internet to find escorts?"

"Yes."

"Then include your Internet bill. And your phone bill, if you called any of these women whose bodies you masturbated with. Include the money you spent on taxis to see these women and the money you spent on condoms and the entire cost of any trip where you saw them."

"OK, then, maybe it's \$250,000?"

A quarter of a million dollars is still not enough for Gail. As she pushes him to add up every penny even peripherally involved in the pursuit of sex, I think about how I've made my living off my so-called sex addiction, writing books about players, porn stars, and decadent rockers. My sex addiction pays for my phone, rent, and health insurance. It pays for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; for movies, books, and the computer I'm writing on; for socks, underwear, and shoes. I couldn't even afford to be here getting treatment without it.

Meanwhile, Calvin is done. His head rolls down and he covers his eyes with his palms as the tears spill out. Victorious, Gail takes a verbal lap around the room, asking patients to report on what their sexual addiction has cost them, breaking down their defenses, stripping them of the last vestige of ego and pride they've retained from any affair or adventure or transaction.

Except for Calvin, who's never had a serious girlfriend and is here because he got a Brazilian hooker pregnant, every other sinner was caught cheating. And so they come here, trying to work off the sins of the flesh and hoping a miracle can save the family that is both their greatest achievement and their greatest burden.

I'm here not just because I cheated: I'm here as a preemptive strike against having a marriage like theirs. Either I'll learn to have a committed, intimate relationship with Ingrid or give up and say, "Fuck it, this is my nature," and avoid monogamous relationships altogether.

When we break for lunch, Gail stops me as I try to leave the room. "You need to sign some paperwork," she informs me, without making eye contact. She turns to her computer and calls up a document. The bold print on the screen freezes my heart: CELIBACY/ABSTINENCE CONTRACT.

She reads it sternly:

*I will refrain from the following:
Masturbation*

Implicit or explicit pornographic material

*Flirtatious, seductive, romantic, or suggestive comments or behavior
Seductive attire*

Sexually overt or covert contact with another person or myself

Secretive sexual fantasizing: I will report objectifying, fantasizing, or obsessing to appropriate staff members



And cross-dressing.

"This contract is effective for 12 weeks," she informs me.

"But I'm only supposed to be here for four weeks."

She fixes her eyes on mine: They are brown and glassy, with as much empathy as a snail shell.

"It takes three months for your brain to return to normal after all the damage caused by the high of sex!"

"So I can't even have sex when I leave?"

"Not if you want to recover."

I sign the contract. Like a good cheater.

AS I WALK THROUGH A DRAB HALLWAY TO THE CAFETERIA, I feel a pain in my groin, a psychologically induced ache. I've sold my soul to Gail and turned my dick into an appendage, doomed to dangle desolately between my legs, waiting for an occasional piss.

I join Charles, a sad but dignified-looking sexaholic with Bill Clinton hair, in the food line. "Let me ask you," I say, giving him a nudge. "Do you think it's male nature that makes us want to sleep with other people, or is it really an addiction?"

"It's *definitely* an addiction," Charles says authoritatively. "And the day I finally admitted I was powerless over it was the happiest day of my life. After that, if I was attracted to a beautiful woman on the street, I knew it wasn't my fault. I just looked away and said, 'This is a disease and I'm powerless over it.'"

At a table near the caffeine-free coffeemaker—they don't allow sugar or caffeine here—I spot a woman with a red tag. She's the first female sex addict I've seen. So of course I sit next to her.

She's a tall, attractive, dark-haired businesswoman in her late thirties. Her name, according to her tag, is Naomi.

Charles refuses to sit with us. "We signed a *contract*," he admonishes me. "We're not supposed to talk to female patients."

"Says who? That's not even in the contract."

"You're threatening my sobriety," he warns.

Naomi laughs as Charles walks off. As we eat, I ask Naomi about her story. She says she cheated on her husband 17 times. "I remember the first time I slept with someone else. I got my first client at work and my boss took me out to congratulate me. We started drinking, and he leaned over and made out with me. That acceptance was a big high. My head was spinning. I've cheated since then, looking for that same high, and it's always the same situation: wanting acceptance from powerful men."

The thought occurs to me before I can stop it: This is a great place to meet women. Naomi is divulging the exact strategy to seduce her.

Shit, now I definitely broke the contract. Maybe Charles was right. I need to follow the rules here without questioning them.

As I walk along the path to the dorms after the meal, another patient in my group spots me and motions me over surreptitiously.

"Your last name is Strauss, right?" he asks when I join him on the lawn. He's thin and laid-back, with thick dark hair and black designer sunglasses. His name tag reads TROY. He's a certified sex addiction therapist who cheated on his wife with an import model he found on a Web site for women seeking sugar daddies. "I read your book."

"Do me a favor: Don't tell anyone who I am," I plead. "It's just too ironic: The guy who wrote the book on picking up women is being treated for sex addiction."

"So why are you here, man? I thought you'd be out living the life."

"I was. But at some point I want to be in a healthy relationship and be a dad, so I have to learn how to shut it off."

"I'll tell you something," Troy whispers conspiratorially. "As a sex therapist, I've heard every story out there. And after 15 years in this job, I don't know if I believe in monogamy."

I clap him on the back and breathe a sigh of relief. I've found either an ally in truth here or a partner in crime.

I'VE BEEN SITTING IN THIS ROOM WITH GAIL FOR THREE STRAIGHT days now and I've barely spoken a word or learned a thing. Today, Calvin is in trouble for fantasizing about a female in-patient.

"Go ahead, Calvin," Gail says icily, "tell us all how you pornified Carrie."

"I don't know. I just noticed that she had riding boots on, and she was talking about how she liked horses, and I do, too. So I was fantasizing about riding away on a horse with her and getting married."

I always thought that sex addicts fantasized about deviance, not, like, finding a woman who shares their interests and getting happily married.

When I tune back in to the room, Charles and Troy are bickering about pronouns. Gail asks them to sit in chairs opposite each other and talk using the "communication boundary." She holds up a big poster board reading:

When I saw/heard _____.
The story I told myself about that was _____.
And I feel _____.
So I would like to request that _____.

Charles tries it: "When I heard you say that 'we're not monogamous by design,' the story I told myself about that was that it's not true for me. I'm here to get better. And I feel *angry*. So I would like to request that in the future, you use *I* to refer to yourself instead of *we*."

Language is a big deal here. The day before, Troy was discussing a girl he had an affair with, and Gail spent 15 minutes lecturing him on the use of the G-word. "As a therapist, when I hear the word *girl*, I have to automatically assume that you're talking about a minor. And I'm obliged to report that."

"I'm a sex addiction therapist also," Troy replied. "I've been practicing for 15 years. And I have never heard that interpretation of the word *girl* before in my life."

Gail raised her head, like a cobra ready to strike: "If you use that word again, I *will* report you. And you won't make it to your 16th year as a CSAT."

Troy shut up.

Now I look around the room in frustration: This has been a complete waste of time so far. No one's problems are being dealt with. They're going to leave rehab the same as they walked in, just with more guilt and an awkward way of communicating. I can't take it anymore.

My voice cracks: "How is this helpful to us?"

"The way that we're communicating in here is how people should be communicating with their spouses," Gail responds coolly.

"And that's going to stop them from sleeping with other women?"

It's a serious question, but everyone laughs. Gail's face trembles for a moment, as if she's nervous that she's about to lose control of the room. Then she regains her composure and answers, "You learn to love yourselves by learning to be relational, in the moment, with each other."

"And that's going to stop us from cheating?"

"What I'm saying is that if you have true intimacy with your partner, you won't need to seek sex outside the relationship."

In the hallway after the session, Troy and my roommate, Adam—a God-fearing, patriotic American man clipped right out of a 1950s aftershave ad—are waiting for me. "Hey, man, I like the way you stood up to Gail," Troy says under his breath. "We all have those questions, you know, and it's cool you're asking them."

"Thanks."

"Don't give in to her," he encourages me. "She's going to try to break you. But you have to stand up for us."

"Why don't you guys just speak up for yourselves?"

"You know, we just want to make it through to the end of the program."

They exchange glances. "Gail, she doesn't forget. And when our wives come for family week, we don't want her making things any more difficult for us, if you know what I mean."

I've heard other guys here mention family week like it's the equivalent of an IRS audit, so I ask them about it. During the third week here, they explain, parents and wives visit so your therapist can help heal your entire family system. For sex addicts, the process includes something called *disclosure*, which requires coming clean with a partner about past affairs and transgressions. Ideally, once these wounds heal, the couple can build a new relationship from a place of truth and intimacy. With a therapist who's not tactful, though, or one who has an agenda, disclosure can quickly turn into disaster—and the next time the addict sees his wife will be in court.

ONE OF THE OTHER THERAPISTS TELLS ME THAT THE MALE SEX addicts have been talking to a female sex addict," Gail says as our afternoon session with her begins. "I told her that it couldn't have been *my* guys. But then"—she raises her eyebrows in feigned shock—"I was told by a member of this group yesterday exactly what happened and who was responsible."

I flash Charles a dirty look and feel Gail's glare heating my face.

"As a consequence of your behavior," Gail continues, "I'm going to have to take more extreme measures with all of you."

She holds up several slips of paper bearing the words MALES ONLY. "I'm requiring all of you to wear this, displayed prominently at all times. From this moment, you are not allowed to even say hi to a woman."

"What about you?" Charles asks. "You're a woman. Are we allowed to talk to you?"

And that's the last straw for me. I'm not like Charles. I can't just blindly obey. The method needs to make sense to me. So far, this program is as effective at teaching monogamy as prisons are at teaching morality.

"Is the underlying principle of all this the idea that if we have true intimacy in our relationship, we won't seek outside sex?" I ask Gail, repeating her words from earlier.

"Yes," she says, with satisfaction that I finally appear to be getting it.

"I have this thing that's been going through my head all day. Is it all right if I ask it?"

"Please." The word drips with disdain.

"Can I use the blackboard?" I don't know another way to explain it.

Her back stiffens. She senses something unpredictable may happen. She shoots me a stern look, trying to melt my resolve.

I write her words on the board: IF TRUE INTIMACY, THEN NO OUTSIDE SEX.

"That's your theory," I say. "Boil it down to the basic idea, and what you get is this..."

IF TRUE X, THEN NO OUTSIDE Y.

"And the problem is, this equation just isn't true." In school, I never thought I'd actually have to use algebra in real life. I was wrong. "Let's say that your wife is the best cook in the world. Then according to what you're saying, you'll never want to eat anywhere else. But that's just not true. Sometimes you want to go to a restaurant."

Gail is quiet, rattling me with her lack of reaction. The guys are watching intently. Calvin is on the edge of his seat. Troy has a big smile on his face. Charles' brow is deeply

IF THE GUYS COULD CARRY ME ON THEIR SHOULDERS, THEY WOULD. I'M THEIR WHITE KNIGHT, THEIR SACRIFICIAL LAMB, THEIR DICK IN SHINING LATEX.

furrowed. "So let's go back to your original premise: 'If true intimacy, then no outside intimacy.' But you seek intimacy with your family and your friends, right?"

The guys are staring openmouthed now, big dopey grins on their faces—except for Charles, who's looking at Gail imploringly. I must be interfering with his recovery again.

"People are under the logical fallacy that when their partner wants sex outside the relationship, it's harmful to their intimacy together," I conclude. "Perhaps instead of retraining us to accept a relationship on our partners' terms, we could just as easily retrain them to accept the relationship on our terms."

The room is completely silent. It's like a chess match. Everyone's wondering if it's checkmate.

"I think you're intellectualizing to be able to control the overall addiction," Gail says as I return to my seat.

That's all she's got? To tell me to stop using my brain? "That's what dictators like Pol Pot and Hitler and Stalin say. They burn books and kill intellectuals so no one can question them."

I don't mean to sound so confrontational. "So help me," I add, beseechingly. "I want to be wrong. I want to recover. But I need to reconcile this contradiction. What you're teaching us needs to actually make sense."

"This is your addict fighting against recovery and not letting go," she says sharply. She looks at the clock and rises. "You're all late for dinner."

She walks to the desk and starts gathering papers, holding her head high as if she's prevailed. Yet everyone, possibly even Charles, is aware that she not only failed to defend her thesis but quite possibly couldn't.

A T DINNER WE ALL SIT TOGETHER, THE DEMONS OF THE ROUND table. We are bonded now in brotherhood, in celibacy, in shame, in sickness, in punishment, in victory, and by the fact that we're all wearing signs that read MALES ONLY around our necks. If the guys could carry me on their shoulders, they would. I am their white knight, their sacrificial lamb, their dick in shining latex.

"You know, I've been thinking about how Gail made me add up all the money I spent," Calvin says. "Most was worth it. I was with a porn star from Serbia once. She was a 10. Cost \$1,000—and she worked me over. It was the best experience of my life. I wouldn't trade it for anything." He pauses and reflects. "I've probably wasted more money on bad food."

Troy flashes a big grin. "We're guys. We like sex. Everywhere you turn, you're shown pictures of gorgeous women who look like they want to cater to your every desire. And then what? If you think about sleeping with them, suddenly you're sick and unhealthy?"

Suddenly Charles slaps the table, as if trying to snap us out of a trance. "This is your disease talking right now, guys. Don't trust your thoughts. Your addiction will say anything so it can keep controlling you."

"I'll tell you honestly," Adam says. "I like sex that's exciting and sometimes a little rough. But my wife, she just lies there, like once every three months, and basically lets me have sex with her."

A vision forms in my head. I grab a pen and sketch it for the guys:

THE MALE DILEMMA

1. Sex is great.
2. Relationships are great.
3. Relationships grow over time.
4. The sex gets old over time.
5. So does she.
6. Thus the problem.

It's a horrible thing to write or even think. No one could ever say this in regular society. They'd be destroyed for it. But it seems to be the reason most of these middle-aged guys are here.

Charles jumps out of his seat and announces, "This is not good for my recovery." He walks away, looking for another table without women.

The counselor supervising a table for patients with eating disorders turns and scowls, so we whisper. We're rehab insurgents plotting a revolution.

"Wanting variety is natural," Troy says quietly as the guys lean in. "Look at porn: Guys don't watch the same girl every time."

"You know who the best girlfriend would be?" Calvin interjects, his eyes lit up. "That mutant from *X-Men* who can turn into anyone she wants. I'd never get bored with her! You could have sex with Megan Fox one night and Hillary Clinton the next."

"Hillary Clinton?!" Troy asks for all of us.

"Why not?" Calvin says. "Don't tell me you've never thought about it." None of us has.

HE IS TOO PURE FOR THIS PLACE.

S She stands in the nurses' area, wearing a fitted plaid button-down shirt that's open to reveal a triangle of flawless skin, and black jeans that stop just above her high heels. No one wears high heels in here. It's not healthy for the fragile libidos.

She stiffens as she sees me and everything comes up at once in her face—the love, the hate, the desire, the fear, the hope, the hurt—and pushes through the scab covering it all.

The words *Oh, my God* escape from her mouth. Then the tears roll. When we hug, it's like she's dissolving into me. A sense of unworthiness sweeps over me. Here I am, lusting after female sex addicts and arguing against monogamy, while she's come all this way with so much hope that I've changed. "What are you thinking about?" Ingrid asks.

"I'm just happy you're here."

We walk to the cafeteria to eat. "Miss, you're going to have to button your shirt higher," the dining-hall counselor and anorexic-feeder barks when he sees her, as if the sex addicts are going to break into spontaneous public masturbation when they see that extra inch of cleavage.

We grab plates of flavorless chicken parts over soapy rice and walk to the sex addict table. Troy claps me on the back and says, idiotically, "You didn't tell us how hot she was." Maybe that counselor was right after all.

Ingrid asks each guy in the group about his story. She then tells them her family's story: Her grandfather cheated on her grandmother, her father cheated on her mother, and now she ends up with a cheater herself.

"Maybe that's the female dilemma," Troy interrupts. "A woman marries someone who's giving her love and romance, but over time she gets taken for granted or turned into a domestic robot or becomes a baby factory or gets cheated on. Then her husband has the nerve to complain that she's not sexual or attractive when he's drained all the life out of her."

After dinner, the anorexic-feeder curtly tells Ingrid that visiting hours are over. As we head back to reception, a patient who's here for post-traumatic stress disorder falls into step with us. As we talk, he slowly becomes aware of Ingrid's presence and asks if she's my girlfriend.

I turn toward Ingrid and our eyes search each other's for an answer. "Yes," she tells him. "I am."

Waves of relief flow through me. I'm done fantasizing about women here and nonmonogamous decadence outside. I've been given a second chance to not perpetuate the multigenerational pattern of cheating men and the women who love them. The sins of the parents are the destinies of their children—unless the children wake up and do something about it.

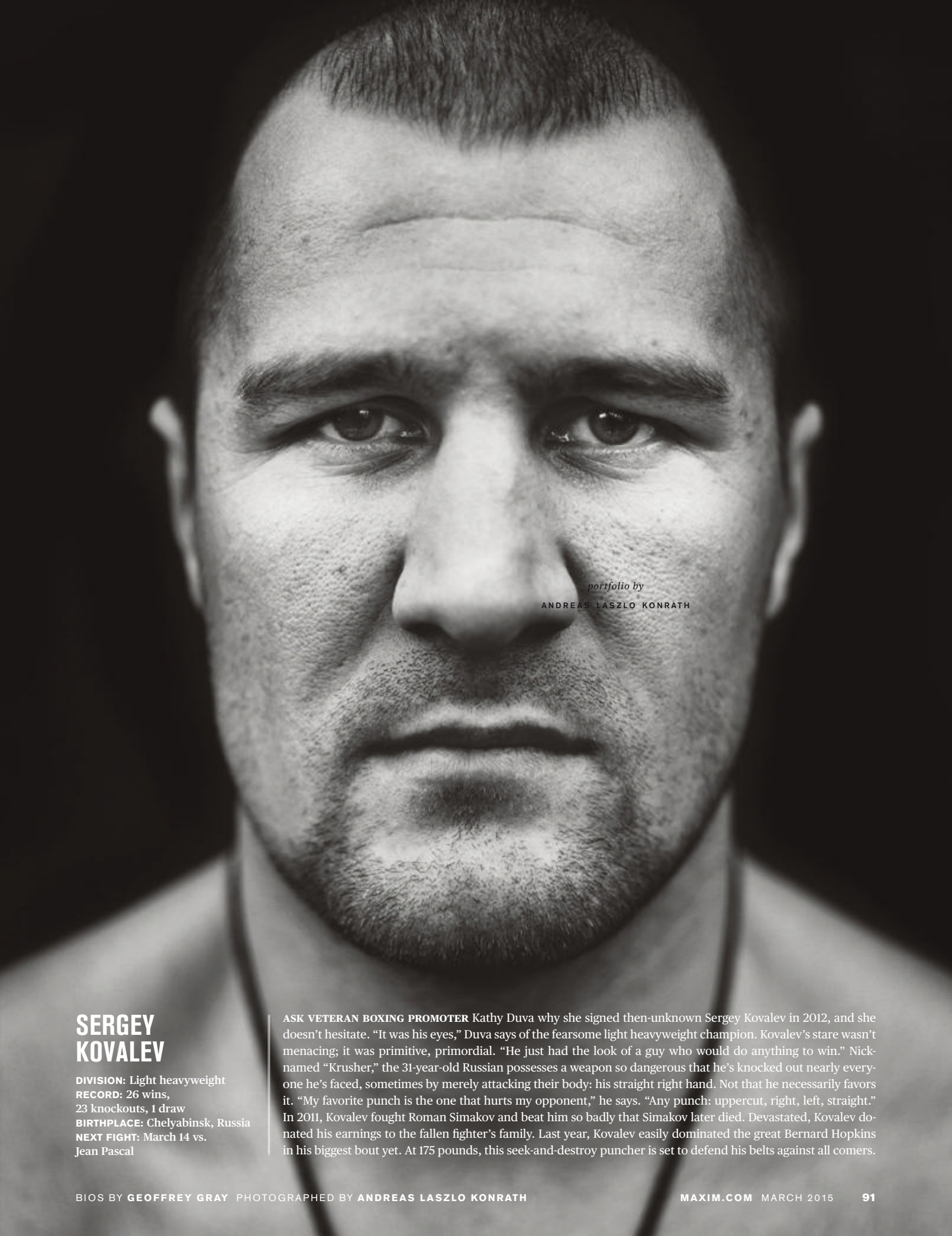
"Thank you for believing in me," I tell her.

After she leaves, I sit on a bench and tears come to my eyes. Ingrid seems to love me unconditionally, but I fear that I love her conditionally. I look at her sometimes and wonder if I'll still be able to make love to her when she's fat and wrinkly. I pick apart her features, looking for imperfections. Of course, I have plenty of my own: I'm short, bald, bony, and big-nosed, with huge greasy pores. I'm lucky to be with her again. Still, I wonder: Am I even capable of love? I can't tell whether my tears are for the beauty of her love or the tragedy of my own failure to feel worthy of it. ■



A NEW BREED OF BOXERS
HAS EMERGED FROM THE FORMER USSR—
HARDENED, FEROCIOUS,
AND HELL-BENT ON DOMINATION...

by **MIKE TYSON**



portfolio by
ANDREAS LASZLO KONRATH

SERGEY KOVALEV

DIVISION: Light heavyweight
RECORD: 26 wins, 23 knockouts, 1 draw
BIRTHPLACE: Chelyabinsk, Russia
NEXT FIGHT: March 14 vs. Jean Pascal

ASK VETERAN BOXING PROMOTER Kathy Duva why she signed then-unknown Sergey Kovalev in 2012, and she doesn't hesitate. "It was his eyes," Duva says of the fearsome light heavyweight champion. Kovalev's stare wasn't menacing; it was primitive, primordial. "He just had the look of a guy who would do anything to win." Nicknamed "Krusher," the 31-year-old Russian possesses a weapon so dangerous that he's knocked out nearly everyone he's faced, sometimes by merely attacking their body: his straight right hand. Not that he necessarily favors it. "My favorite punch is the one that hurts my opponent," he says. "Any punch: uppercut, right, left, straight." In 2011, Kovalev fought Roman Simakov and beat him so badly that Simakov later died. Devastated, Kovalev donated his earnings to the fallen fighter's family. Last year, Kovalev easily dominated the great Bernard Hopkins in his biggest bout yet. At 175 pounds, this seek-and-destroy puncher is set to defend his belts against all comers.

THESE GUYS FROM RUSSIA AND THE FORMER SOVIET UNION ARE RUTHLESS, VICIOUS FIGHTERS. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? THEY'RE SOME OF THE BEST BOXERS IN THE WORLD RIGHT NOW. WE HAVE A PRECONCEIVED NOTION OF PEOPLE FROM THAT REGION BEING LIKE KUBLAI KHAN: THEY'RE BLOODTHIRSTY, THEY'RE CRUEL, THEY'RE MEAN, THEY'RE SAVAGES. THEY'RE DESCENDANTS OF ATILA THE HUN AND GENGHIS KHAN.

And in truth, they really do have that fighting spirit. It comes from being born into rough circumstances and seeing no other way to improve your situation than punching your way out. It's something I can definitely relate to. I've spent the past two and a half years producing a documentary, *Champs*, directed by my friend Bert Marcus, that goes deep into this idea. It looks at me and Evander Holyfield and Bernard Hopkins—two of the greatest fighters of my era—and what it takes to be a champion. The film shows that the fight outside the ring, both in a boxer's early life and after his career ends, can be even more harrowing than inside the ring. It's about coming from nothing and becoming something great. I see that same ferocity in these Eastern fighters who are winning world championships today.

Sometimes you don't choose boxing, it chooses you. It's the only sport that lets you escape violence and poverty through the act of violence itself. These Eastern boxers are fighting to survive, and they just hate to lose. They'd rather die than be vanquished in the ring. In my prime, I believe I could have handled any man on the planet. Because just like these guys, I wanted to win. I needed to win. I wanted it more than anything else in my life. And more than that, I had to look spectacular doing it. Boxing is about hurting your opponent and emerging victorious. It's that simple. That pure. It's been that way since the beginning of time.

Look at **SERGEY KOVALEV**, the Russian light heavyweight champion. He really is ferocious. When you throw a punch at him, he's coming back with two punches. That's what made it hard for Bernard Hopkins when they fought last year. Kovalev throws all his punches with murderous intentions, and that's intimidating in itself. Bernard didn't get knocked out, but he hesitated to throw punches because he knew something bad was coming back. Something *real* bad. Kovalev doesn't really get as much credit as he deserves for beating Bernard, because Bernard was almost 50. But Bernard would have beaten any other light heavyweight in the world that night except for Kovalev.

Or take **GENNADY GOLOVKIN**, the middleweight champion from Kazakhstan. What he has is the terror of the unknown: that psychological intimidation factor, that mystique. We really don't know enough

about him yet. But even though he is kind of untested, he has already become an almost legendary figure. I think Kovalev and Golovkin will both be stars once they start fighting more top-notch guys.

My favorite of these fighters is the Ukrainian featherweight champion, **VASYL LOMACHENKO**. He has the best amateur record in history. He is so splendid. He can fight, goddamn! My mentor and trainer, Cus D'Amato, would have loved this guy. Lomachenko's defense is impeccable. And defense is the number one thing you need in order to be successful in boxing. But he's also a very intelligent puncher. Possessing great defense and superb aggression is what makes him a star to me. When you think about Golovkin, when you think about Kovalev, these guys are savages. They're brutal. But they don't have the defense. Lomachenko does.

RUSLAN PROVODNIKOV and **EVGENY GRADOVICH** are both from Siberia. That's a hard place to come up. It's the tundra. The only thing good that comes from a place like that is great discipline. I've spent time in that part of the world. The people are absolutely lovely. It's very rare that you're going to run into a malevolent type of person, but don't try to take advantage of them. You're not going to have the chance to redeem yourself, because they don't fuck around in Siberia. It's no wonder these guys are so tough. This sport raises you to the highest of levels. But the beginning stage, when you're starting out as a fighter, is the lowest of the low. That's just what it is. You will never see a Harvard Law School guy fighting as savagely as these guys. We're born in hell. Every fight we win is one step out of hell. We accumulate a lot of steps, and in our minds we become free. But it never happens that way. Hell follows you as long as you're involved in the sport. It's gonna follow you always. Most fighters believe they're fighting for glory and honor. In all actuality, we're born with honor. We can't win honor; we can only lose honor. We're fighting for something that already exists, that we already possess.

—As told to Chris Wilson

The raw and riveting documentary Champs arrives in select theaters and on Video On Demand this month.

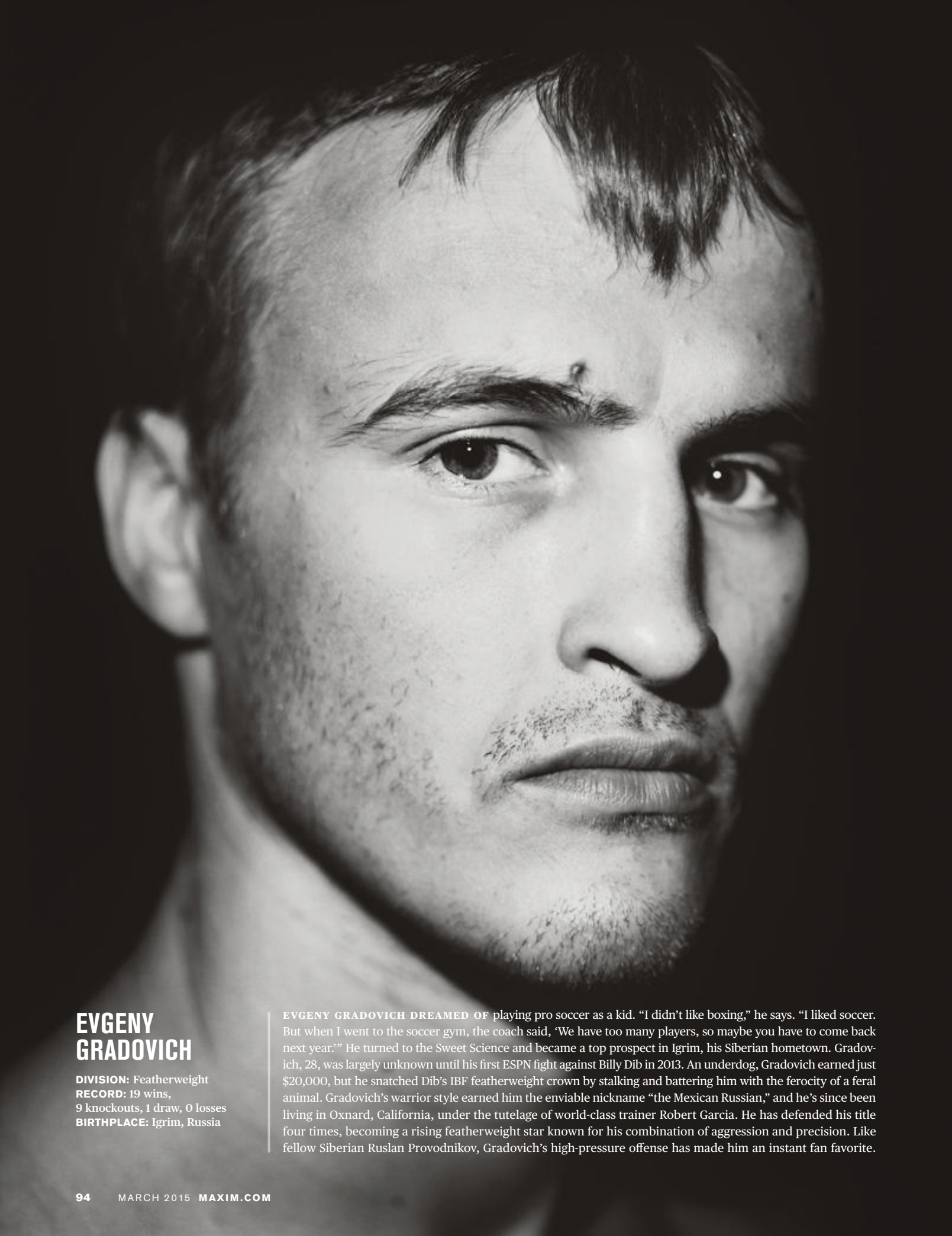




GENNADY GOLOVKIN

DIVISION: Middleweight
RECORD: 31 wins,
28 knockouts, 0 losses
BIRTHPLACE: Karaganda,
Kazakhstan
NEXT FIGHT: Feb. 21 vs.
Martin Murray

WITH THE HIGHEST KNOCKOUT PERCENTAGE in boxing, undefeated middleweight champion Gennady Golovkin is the most explosively violent beast of the bunch. The 165-pounder is brutally adept at discovering weaknesses quickly and exploiting them with his superior technique, devastating power, and precision punching. Born in Karaganda, a grim Kazakh coal-mining town, Golovkin was encouraged by his older brothers to pursue a more lucrative career in boxing. To inspire a sense of fearlessness in him, they would take him into the streets late at night and pick out a thug. "You afraid of him?" they'd ask. "No," Golovkin would reply. "Prove it," they'd say. Golovkin, 32, attacks his opponents with the same bold and unforgiving fury. The 2004 Olympic silver medalist's curse may be that he's such a savage puncher, he's so far been unable to land a big fight with a marquee opponent. "That's the problem," says Golovkin's trainer, Abel Sanchez. "We don't really know how good he can be."



EVGENY GRADOVICH

DIVISION: Featherweight
RECORD: 19 wins,
9 knockouts, 1 draw, 0 losses
BIRTHPLACE: Igrim, Russia

EVGENY GRADOVICH DREAMED OF playing pro soccer as a kid. "I didn't like boxing," he says. "I liked soccer. But when I went to the soccer gym, the coach said, 'We have too many players, so maybe you have to come back next year.'" He turned to the Sweet Science and became a top prospect in Igrim, his Siberian hometown. Gradovich, 28, was largely unknown until his first ESPN fight against Billy Dib in 2013. An underdog, Gradovich earned just \$20,000, but he snatched Dib's IBF featherweight crown by stalking and battering him with the ferocity of a feral animal. Gradovich's warrior style earned him the enviable nickname "the Mexican Russian," and he's since been living in Oxnard, California, under the tutelage of world-class trainer Robert Garcia. He has defended his title four times, becoming a rising featherweight star known for his combination of aggression and precision. Like fellow Siberian Ruslan Provodnikov, Gradovich's high-pressure offense has made him an instant fan favorite.



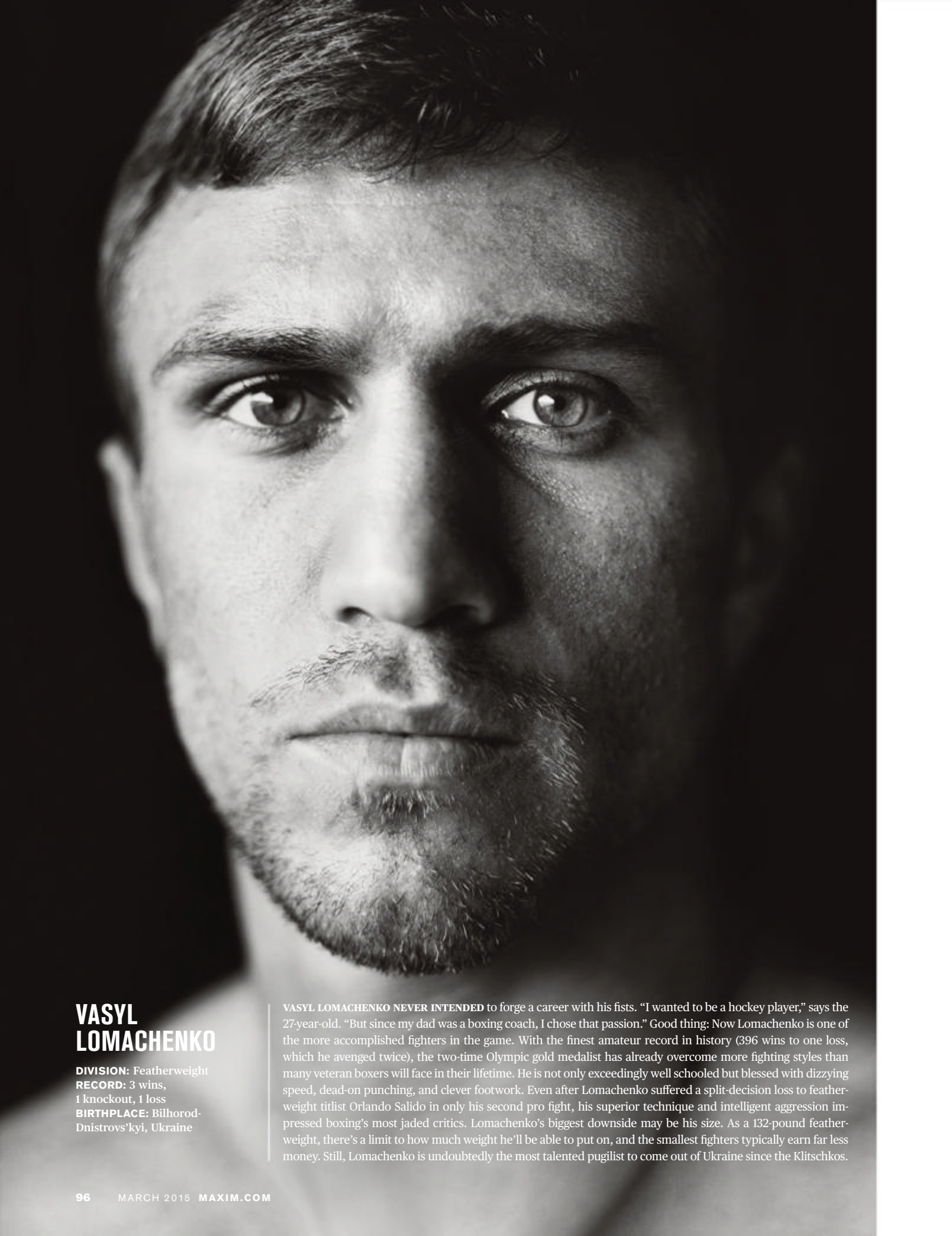
RUSLAN PROVODNIKOV

DIVISION: Junior welterweight

RECORD: 24 wins,
17 knockouts, 3 losses

BIRTHPLACE: Beryozovo, Russia

RAISED IN A POOR, perma-frozen village in a remote corner of Siberia, Provodnikov learned how to survive at any cost: "As a kid I used to have to steal bread from a neighbor's dog's plate because I had nothing to eat. It was very tough. My childhood just made me stronger, made me who I am today." Those early hardships fuel the furious, all-action style of the "Siberian Rocky," whose relentless aggression has made him one of boxing's most popular brawlers. Provodnikov's wincingly brutal exchanges with Tim Bradley earned 2013 Fight of the Year accolades before he lost a razor-thin split decision to the taller, slicker Chris Algieri. In his comeback fight, Provodnikov, 31, a former sparring partner for Manny Pacquiao, stopped a faded Jose Luis Castillo in five rounds. Provodnikov likely won't have a long career, because he takes so much punishment in order to give it. But hardcore fight fans, who love the Russian's killer instinct, will happily tune in to every one of his over-the-top slugfests.



VASYL LOMACHENKO

DIVISION: Featherweight

RECORD: 3 wins,
1 knockout, 1 loss

BIRTHPLACE: Bilhorod-
Dnistrov's'kyi, Ukraine

VASYL LOMACHENKO NEVER INTENDED to forge a career with his fists. "I wanted to be a hockey player," says the 27-year-old. "But since my dad was a boxing coach, I chose that passion." Good thing: Now Lomachenko is one of the more accomplished fighters in the game. With the finest amateur record in history (396 wins to one loss, which he avenged twice), the two-time Olympic gold medalist has already overcome more fighting styles than many veteran boxers will face in their lifetime. He is not only exceedingly well schooled but blessed with dizzying speed, dead-on punching, and clever footwork. Even after Lomachenko suffered a split-decision loss to featherweight titlist Orlando Salido in only his second pro fight, his superior technique and intelligent aggression impressed boxing's most jaded critics. Lomachenko's biggest downside may be his size. As a 132-pound featherweight, there's a limit to how much weight he'll be able to put on, and the smallest fighters typically earn far less money. Still, Lomachenko is undoubtedly the most talented pugilist to come out of Ukraine since the Klitschkos.

WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY?

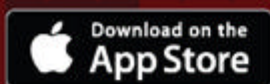


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THE SEASON'S KEY LOOKS WERE
BUILT TO REDEFINE STRONG, SHARPLY
STRUCTURED SILHOUETTES
THAT ARE AS IMPOSING AS A BRUTALIST
ARCHITECTURAL BACKDROP.



ULAR

This page:
Coat,
Gucci.

**Opposite
page:**
Jacket,
shirt, and
pants,
Dsquared².





This page:
Coat, denim
jacket,
and pants,
Burberry
Prorsum.

**Opposite
page:**
Jacket, T-shirt,
and pants,
Emporio
Armani.
Shoes,
Dsquared².



This page:
Jacket, T-shirt,
and pants,
Versace.
Shoes, Bally.

**Opposite
page:**
Jacket,
sweater, shirt,
and pants,
Dior Homme.







This page:
Jacket, tanks,
and pants,
Calvin Klein
Collection.

**Opposite
page:**
Shirt, vest,
and pants,
Ermenegildo
Zegna.
Shoes,
Dsquared².



THE

OCCUPANCY
BY MORE THAN
280 PERSONS
IS DANGEROUS
AND UNLAWFUL

THEY'VE BEEN CALLED THE WILDEST BAND IN ROCK
AND THE GREATEST YOUNG ACT IN BRITAIN,
BUT WHETHER FAT WHITE FAMILY CAN KEEP FROM
SELF-IMPLODING IS YET TO BE SEEN. FOR
NOW, THEY JUST WANT TO MAKE YOU SQUIRM.

by JENNY ELISCU

THE



FILTH

FURY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOBBY BRUDERLE

MAXIM.COM MARCH 2015 B2

“THESE ARE MY MONDAY DRINKS,” SAYS FAT WHITE FAMILY SINGER LIAS SAUDI, ARRANGING A LARGE BOTTLE OF WATER AND A SEPARATE CONTAINER OF COCONUT WATER IN FRONT OF HIM ON THE TABLE AT A NEARLY EMPTY SPORTS BAR IN NEW YORK’S EAST VILLAGE. WHEN THE WAITRESS ARRIVES, HE ASKS FOR A WHITE RUSSIAN, BUT THEY DON’T SERVE MILK. “DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING ELSE LIKE THAT?” HE SAYS. “I’VE GOT A BIT OF HEARTBURN.”

“I’ve got a Tum,” his younger brother, Nathan, Fat White Family’s doe-eyed keyboard player, interjects.

“Oh, OK, gimme a Tum,” Lias says, and then orders a margarita. “Not really strong, though. Like, Monday strength.” As the waitress walks away, he says, cheekily, “We’re wild guys, you know? Anything goes.”

So I had heard. The Fat Whites have been said to “radiate filth,” been called “diseased, drug-addled, utterly corrupt,” and been dubbed “the most horrible, depraved band” in the U.K.—the last meant as a compliment. The sound on their debut album, *Champagne Holocaust*, is a lysergic blend of lo-fi punk, eerie Manson-family folk, warped country, and sludgy blues descended from the same weirdo bloodline as artists from the Fall to Royal Trux. And like those musical and spiritual ancestors, Fat White Family—all sunken-faced and pin-eyed, with shitty DIY haircuts and ill-fitting vintage clothes that reek of sweat—actually *want* to make your skin crawl. The first look U.S. audiences got of them was the amusingly unnerving video for a creepy-sexy ditty called “Touch the Leather”: Lias looms menacingly in the foreground while, slightly out of focus in the periphery, Nathan’s ass, naked and wiggling, drifts across the frame. The band’s entire MO is aggressive, raw, and teetering on the brink of collapse, everything we celebrate in rock music. But in this age of folk and electro—of Mumfords and Molly—can a real rock band even survive?

By December, when I meet up with Fat White Family, they’ve been hanging around New York for several months, putting on a series of utterly unhinged live performances that have become claustrophobically packed, must-see events. A couple of nights before, at Brooklyn venue Baby’s All Right, they incited a full-on freak-out—the longest and most crowd-engulfing mosh pit I’ve seen at a club show in years. In the back of the room, you couldn’t move. Everywhere else, you couldn’t *not*. “They’ve got more balls and better taste than most bands,” says Sean Lennon, who played a show with the Fat Whites in Austin last year. “Combine that with a live show that makes both men and women tear their clothes off screaming and they’re sort of in a league of their own.”

As a frontman, Lias has the maniacal energy and creepy, slithery sex appeal of Iggy Pop, and he knows it. “Once the music starts going and you get into it, you’re not even really aware who’s there anymore,” he says. “You kind of black out. It’s the best kind of fun, but then you always feel hollow and depressed afterward, like, ‘What now?’” After their second Baby’s All Right gig in December, I watched Lias come careening into the makeshift dressing room backstage like a sweat-soaked, shirtless zombie. He collapsed onto a banquette and lay there panting and staring blankly at the sky, seemingly trying to figure out how to reenter his body after having left it so completely onstage.

I’ve read stories about Lias slathering his body in butter at one show, masturbating onstage at another, and smearing his face with his own shit during yet another. Sitting with him, a thoughtful, articulate conversationalist clad in an oversize vintage sweater and duck vest, drinking his Monday drinks, all of that feels very remote. “Hopefully the music indicates that we’re not just a bunch of druggie idiots,” he says. “And when people meet us and talk to us, we’re not savage wild men. Sure, the live show can go a bit whatever, but it’s just a show!”

Lias, 28, and Nathan, 25, spent their early childhood moving around a lot—Galway, the coast of Scotland, New York, Chicago—before their parents



Fat White Family frontman Lias Saudi (circled) bonds with the crowd at Brooklyn club Baby’s All Right. The band’s live show—and Saudi’s unhinged, often unclothed antics—have become infamous on both sides of the Atlantic.





1A



2



2A

5053

KODAK TMY 5053



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KODAK TMY 5053





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10



10A

11

KODAK TMY 5053



The Fat Whites spent months in America, haunting New York dive bars, working on their new album, and—in the case of guitarist Saul Adamczewski (circled)—tolerating the band's bad behavior.

16



16A

17

KODAK TMY 5053



split and their mother married “a North Irish fella” and relocated them to the small city of Cookstown, an hour east of Belfast. Lias left when he was 18 to attend art college in London, and a year and a half later, Nathan showed up at his door. “I got kicked out of school for being too sexy,” says the younger Saudi, who’s dressed in a leather cap adorned with a FREE PALESTINE pin and a plaid polyester suit that smells like it’s been on him for weeks. “The mayor of the town came to the door and said, ‘You’ve got to leave.’” Ever the diplomat, Lias interjects quietly, “I’m not sure that’s right.”

Though Lias spent five years at art college, he considers the schooling to have been a waste of time. “It was all just hot air,” he says. “There’s this illusion with art school that you’re learning how to do something, but it was impossible to know if anything was good or bad. When I started doing music, it occupied the same energy, and you get a more immediate reaction. You know you’re crap if you’re doing music badly, because people leave or don’t show up.” Before Fat White Family, the brothers had a punk band called the Saudis that they both say was terrible but that did manage to do a three-month tour of Algeria. “That’s where our family lives, in the mountains of Kabylia,” Lias says. “It was like going back 500 years. We were playing for 600 men in abandoned beer halls.” Some Muslim relatives deemed them heathens, and soon the band broke up. Before long Lias found himself living with guitarist Saul Adamczewski, Fat White Family’s musical mastermind.

W E HAD A SHARED SENSE OF HUMOR, REALLY,” ADAMCZEWSKI recalls, when I finally talk to him a few days later. “That’s mostly what it is. Lias didn’t know anything about music at all. He’d only ever listened to Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. So I showed him some music. And he performs in a way that I could never perform, so it kind of worked out.”

During his late teens, Adamczewski had been the singer in a short-lived band called the Metros, who had a whole bunch of smoke blown up their asses in the mid-’00s, only to be dropped by their label before they actually got anywhere. When he found himself in a band again, Adamczewski says he just wanted to make a record he actually liked, even if the group had to pay for it themselves. For *Champagne Holocaust*, they partnered with a tiny label called Trashmouth Records that basically paid them in studio time. The band posted the results on Soundcloud back in 2012 and then immediately moved to Barcelona. “We were gonna just go to Spain and busk,” Lias says. “We thought because it was sunny, it would be kind of easier to be beach bums there.” Turns out busking is illegal in Barcelona. “We didn’t look it up on Google,” Nathan says, laughing.

After Spain, the Fat Whites shipped off to Berlin for a while, before returning to the U.K. in 2013. They moved in above a Brixton bar called the Queen’s Head, which one Yelp reviewer describes as “a really anarchic pub, mostly full of extremely right-wing nationals involved in the occult and with the ability to see straight into your soul.” Following the death of Margaret Thatcher, the band draped the outside of the bar with a sign reading THE WITCH IS DEAD. (It originally read THE BITCH IS DEAD, but even Fat White Family know to reel it in sometimes.) A shot of them gleefully posed around the sign circulated in U.K.

papers: Fat White Family’s first symbolic victory. Lias says that, from the start, they have never taken the band very seriously. In fact, the whole endeavor is based on the opposite premise. “You have to be willing to make a massive fool of yourself,” the singer explains. “That’s what I thought was missing from so many bands when we started. Nothing was funny or sexy anymore. Bloc Party is a good example—just so boring and impossibly vague.”

They started playing at the Queen’s Head every couple of weeks, initially to audiences of fewer than 50. Lias says it took a lot of shows before he truly let go of his fear of looking foolish onstage. “I think not knowing what you’re doing is a huge element of the whole thing for me,” he says. “It’s the only way to invite spontaneity and randomness into what you do—by being kind of unaware or deluded. It took a long time to get comfortable, and a lot of drugs. I used to take MDMA and coke to get over the nervousness—I don’t anymore, just a few drinks or whatever—but it took years to really get there.”

W HETHER OR NOT THE ELDER SAUDI STILL RELIES ON CHEMICAL assistance, it’s hard not to worry about Adamczewski, who looks like a dead man walking. The 26-year-old’s face is withered and sallow, with massive dark circles around his eyes. His frame is so gaunt that, on the first night we meet, his spine protrudes through his dingy thermal undershirt. I worry about writing a story that romanticizes rock excess, when he may actually be in danger of killing himself. When I raise the subject with Lias and Nathan, they uncomfortably crack jokes about him being healthier than they are. “He’s cool as a carrot!” says Nathan. “I get sick more than he does,” Lias adds. “He was born with those big black bags under his eyes, and he’s missing that tooth, so everyone thinks he’s dying or something. He eats, he sleeps every now and then....”

“To be honest, I would say a lot of it is founded on truth,” says Adamczewski about the band’s hedonistic reputation. “I’m being honest with you; some of the guys in our band are, like, idiots and jocks and have no desire to really do anything other than to take a load of drugs. Basically, me and Lias do all the work and the other guys don’t do anything. We don’t really get along, so it’s kind of a nightmare, in terms of personal relationships. I don’t know what the goal is anymore because I don’t know how much longer we can do this. I mean, we can make another record....” His voice trails off. (His bandmates declined to respond.)

Fat White Family have been working on new songs during their New York stint, traveling upstate to record tracks at both Sean Lennon’s hideaway (“the plushiest studio I’ve ever been in,” says Lias) and at producer Kevin McMahon’s—an old farmhouse with an attached silo he uses as a reverb chamber. Adamczewski describes some of the new tracks as “weird attempts at easy listening” but notes that, of the nearly 20 songs they’ve got in progress, only three have finished lyrics. “It’s much easier to write music than it is words, I guess,” he concedes. They say they only have until this spring to finish their sophomore album before a long stretch of touring.

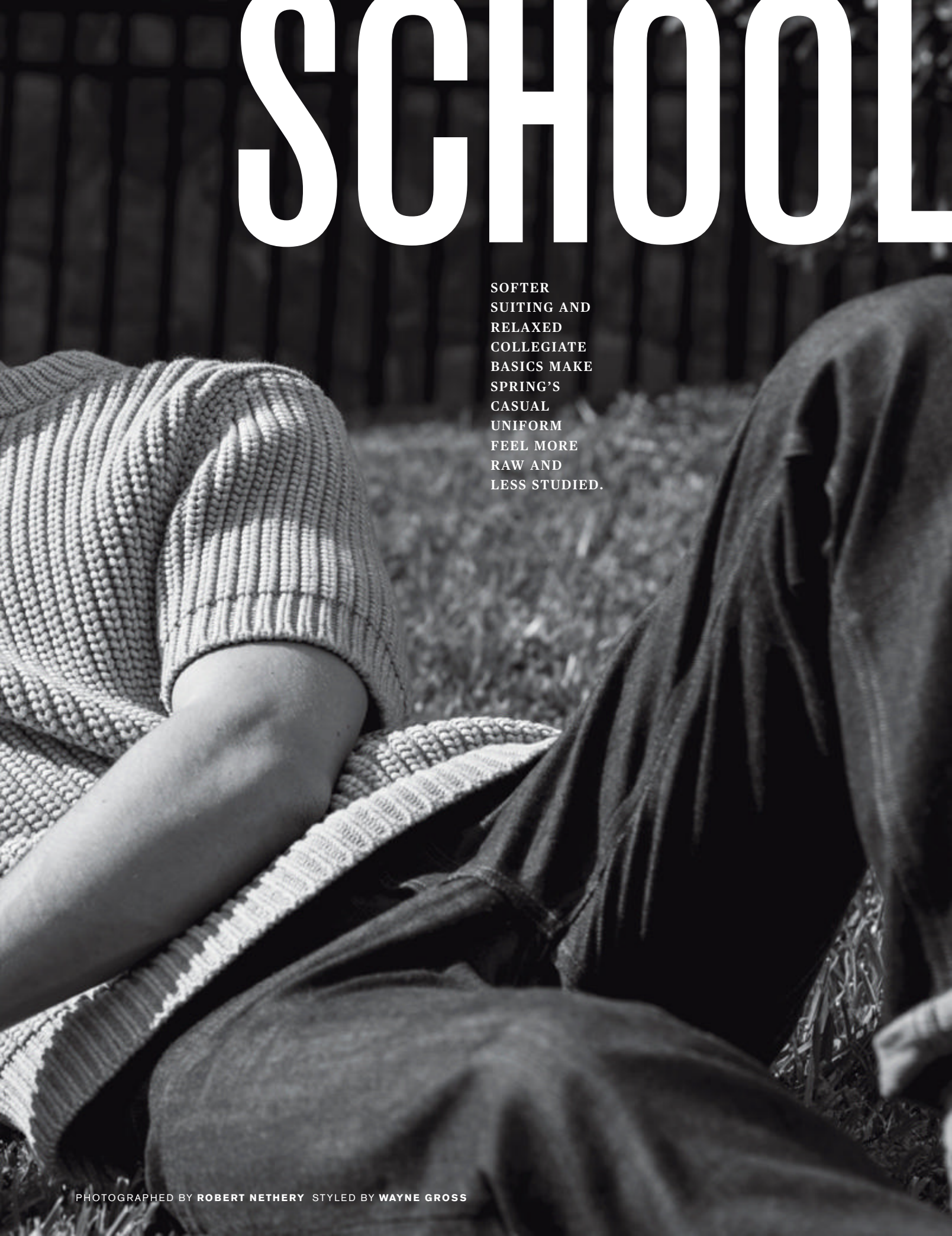
“I think what you have to do is just isolate yourself, not read anything written about you, and force yourself to come to terms with the same anxiety that spurred you on to do the first thing,” Lias says. The band will be headed home to the U.K. in a couple of days, putting their American adventure behind them, if not their reputation as the hardest-partying gang in rock. Journalists, Lias says, love to write about drugs, so they need “one of those bands on the scene.” Worse, a few American blogs have even alleged that, like some of their predecessors in the “next big thing” sweepstakes, the Saudi brothers are expensively educated rich kids. “Everyone is so fucking cynical! I don’t mind if people criticize the music, but when people assume we’re posh boys and start publishing that as gospel, that’s offensive. Before this, we were all doing crappy jobs, and all of a sudden, you get an opportunity to do something you really wanna do, so you go with the flow and take what you can get and try to keep it on the right track. But it is an intense pressure.” He takes a drink of his Monday margarita. “This has been the longest year of my life.” ■

“WE DON’T
REALLY GET
ALONG,” SAYS
ADAMCZEWSKI.
“IT’S KIND OF
A NIGHTMARE.”

re

Sweater
and jeans,
Michael Kors.
Watch,
Movado.
Bracelet,
Arizaga Mens
(worn
throughout).

SCHOOL



SOFTER
SUITING AND
RELAXED
COLLEGIATE
BASICS MAKE
SPRING'S
CASUAL
UNIFORM
FEEL MORE
RAW AND
LESS STUDIED.



This page:
Suit, Marc
Jacobs.
T-shirt, Diesel
Black Gold.
Watch,
Omega.
Sneakers,
Dior Homme.

**Opposite
page:**
Sweater, shirt,
and pants,
Prada. Watch,
Omega. Belt,
Dior Homme.





This page:

Suit and
shirt,
Tommy
Hilfiger.
Belt,
Michael
Kors.
Watch,
Omega.

**Opposite
page:**

Jacket, shirt,
and tie,
BOSS.



This page:

Jacket,
sweater, and
pants,
Giorgio
Armani.
Watch,
Omega.

**Opposite
page:**

Blazer,
sweater, and
pants, Bally.
Sneakers,
Dior Homme.
Watch,
Omega.





Page A1: Mackintosh cotton jacket, \$1,795, poplin shirt, \$395, and cotton twill pants, \$755, Dsquared²; available at Dsquared², SoHo and L.A.

Page A2: Blue-black-bordeaux heavy brushed-cotton reefer coat, \$2,700, Gucci; available at gucci.com.

Page A3: Neoprene jacket, \$1,075, linen shirt, \$295, and viscose pants, \$495, Emporio Armani; available at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. Classic lace-up leather shoes, \$760, Dsquared²; available at Dsquared², SoHo.

Page A4: Bright-navy chesterfield coat, \$2,095, optic white denim jacket, \$995, and bright-navy trousers, \$795, Burberry Prorsum; available at burberry.com.

Page A5: Single-button notch-lapel wool/mohair suit, \$2,975, Versace; available at Versace boutiques. Poplin shoes, \$3,195, Bally; 844-442-2559.

Page A6: Red wool notch-lapel jacket, \$2,350, blue polyester long-sleeve boatneck mesh sweater with contrast-stripe details, \$1,250, white/blue-stripe cotton shirt with covered placket, \$660, and navy wool classic pants, \$930, Dior Homme; available at diorhomme.com.

Page A7: Couture dress shirt, \$775, couture tank top, price upon request, and couture trousers, \$1,500, Ermenegildo Zegna; available at select Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. Classic lace-up leather shoes, \$760, Dsquared², available at Dsquared², SoHo.

Page A8: Char-bonded wool two-button sport jacket, \$995, chestnut performance jersey tank, \$395, buff PVC tank, \$1,150, and chestnut stretch tech cotton slim pants, \$595, Calvin Klein Collection; available at calvinklein.com/collection.

Pages C1 & C2: Shaker pullover, \$395, Michael Kors, available at Michael Kors, NYC. Slim selvage indigo jeans, \$225, Michael Kors, available at neimanmarcus.com. Datron 38mm gold-plated case, cream dial, taupe leather strap, Swiss-quartz movement watch, \$1,295, Movado; 917-934-4962. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens; available at venessaarizaga.com.

Page C3: Brown plaid one-button blazer, \$1,550, and brown plaid one-button pants, \$695, Marc Jacobs; available at marcjacobs.com. Tanichy T-shirt, \$115, Diesel Black Gold; available at Diesel Black Gold, NYC. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch in steel, \$6,100, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens, available at venessaarizaga.com. White calfskin sneakers, \$1,250, Dior Homme; available at Dior Homme stores.

Page C4: Cashmere sweater, \$1,080, poplin shirt, \$550, and denim pants, \$1,375, Prada; available at prada.com. Navy calfskin leather belt, \$690, Dior Homme; available at Dior Homme stores. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch in steel, \$6,100, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens, available at venessaarizaga.com.

Page C5: Leather jacket, \$795, white cotton shirt, \$145, and silk tie, \$125, BOSS; available at hugoboss.com.

Page C6: Suit, \$599, and shirt, \$139, Tommy Hilfiger; available at Tommy Hilfiger, NYC. Braided leather belt, \$148, Michael Kors; available at michaelkors.com. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch in steel, \$6,100, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens, available at venessaarizaga.com.

Page C7: Blazer, \$2,845, sweater, \$1,645, and pants, \$895, Giorgio Armani, available at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch, \$6,100, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens, available at venessaarizaga.com.

Page C8: Mix cashmere blazer, \$2,795, thick cotton-knit 5gg sweater, \$995, and mix cotton drill striped trousers, \$895, Bally; 844-442-2559. White calfskin sneakers, \$1,250, Dior Homme; available at Dior Homme stores. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch in steel, \$6,100, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Green and black riptide bracelet, \$150, Arizaga Mens, available at venessaarizaga.com.

DON'T BE ANTISOCIAL
FOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE



MAXIM

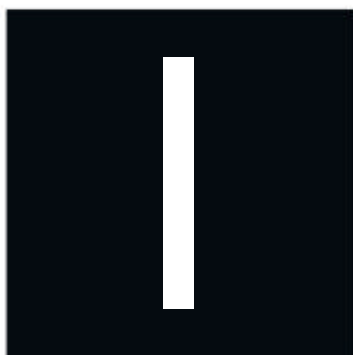
THE SIZZLING
STAR OF
HAPPYLAND
AND THE UPCOMING
FILM THE DUFF,
BIANCA SANTOS,
IS DRIVING
HOLLYWOOD WILD.

by A.J. BAIME

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIGURD GRÜNBERGER STYLED BY WAYNE GROSS



T-shirt, Maje.
Denim shorts,
Armani Jeans.
Espadrille
wedges,
Tabitha
Simmons.



INSPIRATION COMES FROM THE most unexpected places. Bianca Santos was a senior at a tiny West Coast college studying psychology, eyeing a career far from the limelight, as a therapist, when a chance encounter with one of the gods of her chosen field changed her path forever.

World-renowned psychologist Albert Bandura—"the Sigmund Freud of this generation," Santos calls him—came to her

school to lecture. "I got to sit near him during a lunch. So I asked him, 'What's the one piece of advice you could impart to us?' I was on the edge of my seat, ready for him to change my world." And did he? "Yes! He said, 'You regret in life the things you didn't do.' It was in that moment when I thought, *I'm going to act*. Like, what do I have to lose?"

Now, in a crazy-short time, the 24-year-old, who grew up in and around Los Angeles, has morphed from would-be shrink to girl-on-the-verge. Santos stars in the MTV series *Happyland*, about the weird world of theme-park employees, and had a recurring role in ABC Family's teen drama *The Fosters*. And this month she's costarring in *The DUFF*, a coming-of-age comedy about the viciousness of high school cyberbullies.

We caught up with the starlet in a West Hollywood café, where she showed us her tats (full sleeves, faux, for an indie thriller) and more.

You don't waste time. You went from nowhere to becoming the star of two TV shows and a couple of movies almost overnight. It's crazy. Growing up in this town, you see a lot of failure. You grow up being told your waitress is actually an actress. And you keep going back to that restaurant...and she's still your waitress! Like, what happened?

Did you worry you'd meet the same fate?

I just figured I'd put everything I had into it. And within seven months I was a recurring character on a TV show. I'm still shocked. But here's the thing: I never fully gave up psychology. I use my degree all the time.

How so? Are you analyzing your costars?

I use it more in social settings. Like, I was at a bar last night, and I could really see the inner workings of what was going on in guys' heads. But mostly I understand that everyone is on a spectrum of crazy. If we just accept that and stop trying to be so perfect, we can actually get places.

So you're crazy, then?

Oh, my God, I'm so crazy! But good crazy. You can ask my boyfriend. I'm insane, but he says I'm worth it, so that means something.

What are some examples?

Well, I love being weird. I sing to myself and dance all the time, even while crossing the street. And I love walking into a room full of complete strangers and pretending everyone is my best friend. Strange but fun!

In *The DUFF*, your character is called "a fiery Latina." Is that you? I'm a first-generation American. [She's of Cuban and Brazilian descent.]

I remember growing up and not relating to anyone on the TV screen. I grew up thinking, *I'm not blonde, so I'm not beautiful*. I think the shift in diversity in film and TV is great. I love the fact that the person who was missing on TV and film—now that's *me*.

We're coming over for dinner. What are you cooking?

I love food! I like making weird things. I cook grains that a lot of people never heard of, like millet and amaranth and buckwheat.

Nice! If acting doesn't pan out, maybe you can open a restaurant. Or would you go back and become a shrink after all? Well, I think it's something I'd still want to do, maybe years from now. But only when I've actually lived enough. How can I be a therapist when I have zero to little life experience? ■

"EVERYONE
IS ON A
SPECTRUM
OF CRAZY.
IF WE JUST
ACCEPT THAT,
WE CAN
ACTUALLY GET
PLACES."



Bikini bottom,
Emporio
Armani Swim.
Horseshoe
cuff, Mirlo.



This page:

Dress, Maje.
Bikini bottom,
Emporio Armani
Swim.

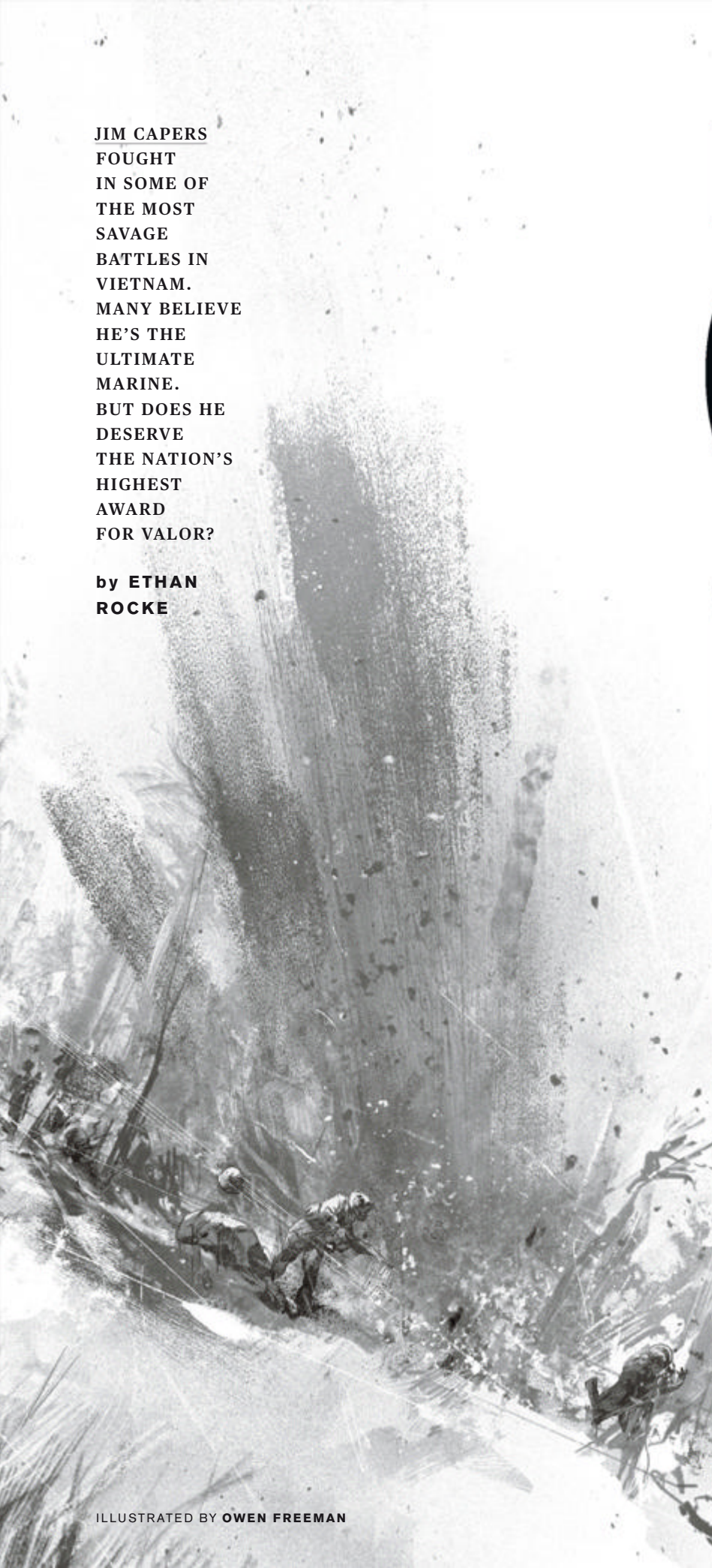
Opposite page:

Swimsuit, Michael
Kors. Ring
and necklace,
Inez & Vinoodh.
Horseshoe cuff,
Mirlo.

HAIR, CLARK PHILLIPS AT ARTMIX CREATIVE USING KIEHL'S; MAKEUP, ASHLEIGH LOUER AT STARWORKS GROUP
USING NARS; MANICURE, EMI KUDO AT OPUS BEAUTY USING TOM FOR; STYLIST ASSISTANT, REBECCA OCAÑO







JIM CAPERS
FOUGHT
IN SOME OF
THE MOST
SAVAGE
BATTLES IN
VIETNAM.
MANY BELIEVE
HE'S THE
ULTIMATE
MARINE.
BUT DOES HE
DESERVE
THE NATION'S
HIGHEST
AWARD
FOR VALOR?

by **ETHAN
ROCKE**

THE LAST

ILLUSTRATED BY **OWEN FREEMAN**

IN LATE JANUARY 1967, A TEAM OF ELITE MARINES BELONGING TO THE THIRD FORCE RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY DROPPED ONE BY ONE FROM A CH-46 HELICOPTER INTO THE COLD AND RAIN-SOAKED JUNGLE NEAR THE BORDER OF LAOS IN CENTRAL VIETNAM. THEY WERE SOME 20 MILES BEHIND ENEMY LINES. AMONG THEM WERE CAPTAIN KEN JORDAN, A RANGY TEXAN WITH SANDY BLOND HAIR, AND HIS ASSISTANT PATROL LEADER, SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES CAPERS JR., THE ONLY BLACK COMMANDO ON THE TEAM. EIGHT OTHER MARINES, AN INTERPRETER, AND A VIET CONG DEFECTOR ROUNDED OUT THE GROUP.

Their mission was risky, handed down from the CIA: The defector claimed that four American POWs were being held in a Viet Cong prison camp, and the Marines were charged with getting them out.

As the noise of the chopper grew faint, the commandos silently proceeded through the jungle. After three days, they located the camp. It was abandoned. Some of the team quickly formed a security perimeter, while others began documenting what they found. Jordan stood with his back to a tree, surveying the eerie scene. Suddenly, a noise from the woods, followed by a blast from one of the Marines' M16s, ruptured three days of perfect tactical silence, and a Viet Cong soldier collapsed into the bush.

Spotting another VC soldier aiming a gun directly at him from 15 meters away, Jordan swung his M16 up and squeezed the trigger, dropping his would-be killer with a single shot. Within seconds, the team was racing through the jungle, a Viet Cong response force amassing in its wake.

As the commandos moved swiftly through the bush, Capers dropped back to booby-trap the path behind them with grenades. The enemy was everywhere, but for hours, the team evaded them. Sergeant Ron Yerman, the radio operator, called for an extraction, and they made their way up a steep, rutted slope to higher ground. The topography was less than ideal, forcing the CH-46 to hover above the thick jungle canopy while it lowered a harness to hoist the men one at a time. Bullets began whipping in from all directions. Above, the helicopter's 50-caliber machine guns roared to life, hammering the wilderness around them.

By Yerman's account, Captain Jordan was one of the first Marines up into the bird. When Capers led patrols, he always insisted on being the last man on the ground. On this occasion, he again waited until the rest of the commandos were safely in the chopper, darting from tree to rock to tree again, squeezing off a few rounds at each point to give the illusion that there were multiple soldiers still on the ground.

The hoist finally descended once more. After struggling to secure himself to the harness, Capers was lifted into the air. As he dangled, a single round slashed his face—a grazing wound, but it burned like hell.

Years later, Yerman credited Capers for getting the team out alive: "Chaos ensued, and Lt. Capers took charge and organized a rapid egress toward a landing zone. He was the most professional Marine I ever knew."

Yerman's testimony is contained in a series of interviews compiled for Jim Capers' 2007 recommendation for the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest military award. It is granted only to a service member who has "distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty."

Capers was, by all accounts, an extraordinary Marine. His tactical innovations earned him a place in the U.S. Special Operations Command's Commando Hall of Honor. So thoroughly did he represent the ideals and mythology of the Corps that his picture graced a near-ubiquitous and highly

successful recruiting poster focused on attracting minority officers in the early '70s: ASK A MARINE, it said under an image of Capers in dress uniform, the ornate Mameluke sword, unique to Marine officers, at his side.

Of the 3,493 Medals of Honor awarded since it was established early in the Civil War, nearly all have been in recognition of exceptional performance over a period of a short duration—events that occurred over the course of days, minutes, or even seconds.

In Capers' case, however, the POW rescue mission was just one chapter in a lengthy chronicle of heroic actions during his eight-month tour in Vietnam—an exemplary record of dangerous missions that ultimately earned him the reputation as the so-called "spiritual founder of Marine Corps special operations," in the words of Major General Paul E. Lefebvre. Indeed, the "summary of action" submitted to the Marine Corps Award Branch on Capers' behalf ran 5,700 words. Its length was unprecedented, as was its scope. To some, Capers' exploits—his numerous acts of heroism and the lethality he brought to bear against the enemy—demanded no less.

But do they meet the Medal of Honor criterion of "personal bravery or self-sacrifice so conspicuous as to clearly distinguish the individual above his or her comrades"? The Marine Corps says no. But at 77, Capers isn't through fighting.

BORN TO A SOUTH CAROLINA SHARECROPPER IN 1937, CAPERS IS a child of the Jim Crow South. Four of his seven brothers and sisters died before the age of 10. In 1943, after a local sheriff issued a warrant for his arrest, Capers' father fled to Baltimore, and the family soon followed. "My father was a violent man," Capers recalls. "He got into an altercation. I'm not sure if the crime was serious enough for a lynching, but he felt that to survive, we had to leave South Carolina." In Baltimore, the Caperses were poor, but his mom ran a tight household, and they got by.

Jim Capers was a smart, restless 18-year-old kid when he enlisted in the Marines with a high school pal in 1956. "A lot of people had helped me and my family get by," he says, "and the Marine Corps seemed like a good way to give something back." On the hot September day he left for boot camp, his father drove him to the train station. The elder Capers had served time on a chain gang, and he understood the struggle of being a black man in a country rife with institutional racism. "You're a man now," his father told him. "You know what you've gotten into. You've chosen it."

From day one, Capers was determined to distinguish himself among his white peers. "The Marine Corps did not welcome individuals like me," he says simply. "But the hierarchy thought, If he's got the skills, at least give him the chance to try. That's all I wanted."

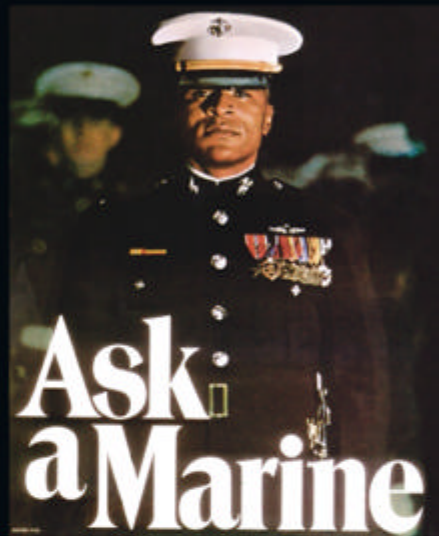
Capers set his sights on becoming an elite commando, volunteering for duty with the First Force Reconnaissance Company. Force Recon was the only Special Ops unit in the Corps in those days, dedicated to the dangerous task of long-range reconnaissance—observing and documenting activity deep in enemy territory—as well as unconventional warfare tactics similar to those of the Navy SEALs and the Green Berets. The bar was set high: Team members needed to possess an extremely diverse—and deadly—skill set. Capers rose to the challenge, completing every tactical school or course the military could throw at him.

In 1965, he transferred to Third Force Recon Company, bringing with him a rep as a non-

"WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE—ALL OF US," CAPERS YELLED TO HIS MEN. "WE'RE NOT GOING TO DIE ON THIS TRAIL."



Third Force Marines pose prior to the POW rescue mission. Right, from top: Captain Ken Jordan (right) at the commissioning of Capers in Vietnam; Capers as the face of a Marine recruiting campaign in the early '70s.



commissioned officer entirely devoted to the Corps and its values. Capers was placed in charge of an all-white 20-man platoon. With his hard stare and formidable build, his authority was never in question. “[He] was standing in front of the formation with confidence and charisma,” one of his men wrote. “I am Sergeant Capers,” he told them, “and we will be the best platoon of Marines in the world.”

By early 1966, Capers had achieved the rank of staff sergeant. In August of that year, the First and Fifth platoons were deployed to central Vietnam. After a decade in the Marines, Capers was about to put his years of training to the test, arriving in-country just as the most brutal and crucial phase of the war was getting under way. “I wasn’t afraid because I had a job to do, and my job was to lead and to look out for my guys,” he recalls.

Force Recon’s primary mission was to gather critical intelligence, usually with little support and few resources. They were ghosts—commandos who, by definition, only emerge to fight their way out of a fix.

By November 1966, the relentless pace of operations had taken a staggering toll on Third Force Recon. The unit had suffered many casualties, including two officers killed in action, creating a leadership vacuum. Meanwhile, Capers’ team—which had adopted the nickname Broadminded—had evolved into a highly lethal and agile one under his leadership. His reputation for cold-eyed efficiency was growing fast.

On a rainy day in late November, Capers reported to his battalion commander’s tent in Phu Bai. Lieutenant Colonel Gary Wilder told Capers to raise his right hand and take the oath to become a commissioned officer. Captain Ken Jordan was there to pin on the second lieutenant insignia. During the entire Vietnam War, only 62 enlisted men were battlefield commissioned. “A lot of the Negro Marines came over and saluted me and shook my hand,” Capers recalls. “And these were guys who I felt had paved the way for me, guys who had been through the segregation years and World War II and Korea. Suddenly I was a lieutenant, and they were saying ‘sir’ to me. It felt odd because these were men who I looked up to.”

Capers knew that it was standard procedure to transfer newly commissioned officers to another unit. For him, that would mean assuming a more comfortable, and less dangerous, role in the war. But he refused to abandon his men. His request to stay with Team Broadminded was granted, and he returned to the fight, leading patrols as if nothing had changed.

IN LATE 1966, KHE SANH COMBAT BASE WAS THE BLOOD-SOAKED tip of the spear of north-central Vietnam. Even by the standards of a brutal conflict, it was hell, a squalid hilltop outpost overlooking a valley through which Communist forces moved supplies to battlefields farther south. Third Force began arriving at the outpost in December, replacing a detachment of exhausted Green Berets. “The bunkers they left behind were so rat infested, the rats would chew on your ears and nose at night,” wrote Walter Doroski, Broadminded’s point man, in 2008. “[Corporal Michael] Scanlon was the first to get amoebic dysentery. I dug a hole in the side of the trench to protect him from incoming rounds, slid him in, and fed him when he could eat.”

When Jordan was transferred out of Khe Sanh in February, the task of coordinating the entire detachment’s patrols fell to Capers. Assaults on the outpost were constant, punctuated by explosions and cries of “Corpsman!” echoing across the valley. The preservation of Khe Sanh depended on Capers’ “raggedy-ass recon teams.” In the jungle, the Marines were clashing daily with a growing enemy force.

Efforts to convey that reality up the chain of command had been fruitless. The American brass, under General William C. Westmoreland, remained undeterred in its stance that activity around Khe Sanh was insignificant. Ten months after Capers’ tenure, the infamous Battle of Khe Sanh—immediately followed by the Tet Offensive—would prove that the size and scope of North Vietnamese Army operations in the area had been tragically miscalculated. But for now, it was all about staying the course.

Unless they were “shot out of the jungle,” the teams of Third Force Recon typically spent three to six days on patrol at a time, with little rest in between. In early February, Team Broadminded set out into the jungle, accompanied by a German shepherd named King. They were hunting an NVA platoon in the area. Early in the patrol, King alerted, signaling the enemy was close. Capers figured they were outmanned at least 3 to 1, so he motioned for his men to hold their fire until they could maneuver into a better position.

Within minutes, the dog alerted again, and Capers noticed three NVA soldiers just a few feet away. He opened up on full automatic, dropping all three in a single stroke. Capers’ M16 jammed, but Team Broadminded had already initiated its well-rehearsed contact drill, unleashing a barrage of grenades and bullets as the enemy platoon scrambled. Capers, struggling to unjam his rifle, saw two more NVA soldiers emerge, full tilt in a desperate counterattack. He drew his 9 mm and gunned them down. Then he ordered his men to finish off what remained of the enemy platoon. When the battle was over, at least 20 NVA soldiers lay dead, their corpses obscured beneath a haze of gunpowder and smoke. From the surrounding vegetation, the screams of the wounded rang out.

On the chopper back to Khe Sanh, the team was subdued. “There was no backslapping,” Capers recalls. “For us, death and killing had become business as usual.” They’d be back in the jungle in just a few days.

BY MARCH 1967, THE SURVIVING THIRD FORCE MARINES WERE severely battle fatigued. They had killed or wounded hundreds of enemy soldiers, but their growing legend within the Corps came at a cost. Three quarters of the original 40 Marines were killed or wounded. Capers and his men were transferred back to Phu Bai, a welcome change from Khe Sanh’s daily artillery and rocket attacks.

But the missions kept coming. Capers told his battalion commander that unless he got more men, the survivors of Third Force should not run any more patrols. Nonetheless, in late March, Capers was given orders to locate a suspected North Vietnamese regimental base camp in the sparsely populated coastal district of Phu Loc. He didn’t like the mission, but in Vietnam, undesirable missions had become all too routine.

Capers gathered Broadminded’s core members, Sergeant Yerman, Sergeant Richard Crepeau, and Billy Ray “Doc” Smith, the team’s medical corpsman, and laid out the situation. “He asked us if we would volunteer to go on our last combat patrol into an almost impossible situation,” recalls Crepeau. “He told us, ‘I’ve been ordered to go, but you don’t have to.’”

“When your mentor, your boss, your surrogate father asks you to do something, and you’re a Marine, what do you do? You say, ‘Yes, sir.’”

Broadminded’s mission was to stealthily cover the flank of a much larger infantry force. They were charged with spotting the enemy and thwarting an attack—and anything else necessary to keep the mission going. Over the four days the patrol lasted, the team averaged two firefights a day. The terrain was flat, with elephant and beach grass, hedgerows and streams, all of it peppered with seemingly endless tunnels and holes from which enemy fighters would periodically emerge and then melt away.

The young infantry force commander who directed the operation radioed Capers’ team, ordering them to walk down large, open trails, which

“THERE WAS NO BACKSLAPPING,” CAPERS RECALLS.

“FOR US, DEATH AND KILLING HAD BECOME BUSINESS AS USUAL.”



“Reaching Out,” Larry Burrow’s famous 1966 photo of Marines during Operation Prairie, south of the DMZ in Vietnam. Third Force Recon conducted numerous missions in support of Operation Prairie.



contradicted their doctrine of stealth. By the fourth day, Broadminded had found four booby-trapped trails—likely ambush sites, a dangerous situation Capers reported to the commander. On the last day of the patrol, however, he was ordered to take his team back the way they'd come.

The team all understood the nature of the mission. Under General Westmoreland's strategy of attrition, body counts had been deemed the primary metric of success. And you can't stack bodies if you can't find an enemy to attack and kill. The cold reality was that Broadminded was being used as bait—flushing out enemy forces so the regular infantry could swoop in for the kind of glorious protracted battle the generals craved.

"I could have refused those orders," says Capers. "But I knew if I didn't walk down those trails and locate that base camp, the regular grunts would, and a lot more people might get killed. I couldn't live with that."

The team maneuvered slowly and carefully, identifying and withdrawing from three ambush sites. As the Marines were about to withdraw from a fourth, King alerted.

A Claymore mine is an 8.5x3-inch convex slab of inch-deep plastic, packed full of C4 explosives and hundreds of steel balls. It usually sits a few inches above the ground and functions like a giant shotgun shell. Vietnamese fighters had daisy-chained several mines together. Crepeau recalls the moment they detonated like a scene from a film: The five men in front of him were flung to the ground in slow motion. As he watched the shock wave of violence, a steel ball punched through his leg.

From the jungle darkness, a platoon of NVA soldiers unleashed hell from two directions. Within seconds, nearly every member of the team was badly wounded. The blast knocked Capers against a tree and punctured his body in 14 places. His right leg was broken, and as he lay severely concussed, he looked over and saw King, limp and lifeless on the bloody jungle floor. The dog had been between Capers and the blast.

Lance Corporal Harry Nicolaou, a mountain of a man who carried the heavy M60 machine gun with ease, sprayed fire toward the enemy, despite having his right leg nearly blown off at the knee. "Goddamn it, you motherfuckers!" he screamed.

Yerman crawled over to Capers. "We're all down, sir!" he yelled. "But we can still fight!"

Private First Class Henry Stanton carried the team's only M79 grenade launcher. He was bleeding through his mouth and nose when he said to Capers, "I don't think we're going to make it this time."

"We're going to make it, son," Capers said, trying to catch his breath. "Just hold on."

Enemy grenades were exploding from every direction. Capers ordered Yerman to redistribute the team's ammo, and his injured men to form a tight security perimeter. Doc Smith, bleeding from his neck and face, sprinted from man to man, treating and dressing their wounds.

Soon he got to Capers. "Doc, I'm OK!" Capers barked. "I'm only hit a little. Take care of Nic. I think he caught most of it."

Doc gave Capers a shot of morphine and then sprinted over to Nicolaou. Yerman was working on getting the team extracted, calling for help from the grunts. Capers told Crepeau to call in mortars on their position. He knew the mortar men would intentionally offset the rounds by a few hundred feet and Crepeau could then call in adjustments until the mortars were falling on the enemy. Still, it was a dangerous gamble.

Soon mortars started tearing through the canopy. "That's it. More!" Capers was shouting. "Move 'em closer!"

The enemy fire died down, and Capers called off the mortars. There was an awful smell—acrid smoke and burned flesh and blood and shit. But reinforcements were arriving. "We're getting out of here—all of us," Capers yelled to his men. "We're not going to die on this trail."

The grunts arrived and helped the team toward the extraction site, down a rain-swept path. Capers used his rifle as a cane, blood sloshing in his jungle boots as he walked. The group took turns carrying King's body.

Dusk was descending as they approached the extraction point. One H-34 helicopter landed while another circled overhead, providing cover from the remaining enemy forces. The crew chief helped every-



Retired Major James Capers Jr. The Commando Hall of Honor Medal hangs from his neck.

one onto the bird. King's body lay on the ground.

Capers, hazy from morphine and blood loss, drew his gun. The dog was coming with them, he told the chief, or Capers was staying behind.

The crew chief jumped out and heaved King's body onto the chopper. Seconds later, the bird lifted about six feet, then fell back to Earth. "It's no good," Capers said, trying to get off the aircraft so it could take off. The crew chief yanked him back in. On the second attempt, the helicopter climbed about eight feet before falling hard again.

The pilots tried one more time to take off, the sound of explosions and incoming fire seeming to signal their doom. This time the helicopter rose slowly before lurching forward and climbing toward an ash-colored sky.

C APERS REMEMBERS THE INSIDE OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL AS "a butcher shop." Blood was everywhere. The doctors had to amputate Nicolaou's leg below the knee. Capers looked around and was overcome by shame. Broadminded had never been ambushed before.

At Bethesda Naval Medical Center, Dottie Capers made her way to her husband's room on the 14th floor with their seven-year-old son, Gary, in tow. Capers had met his future wife on a warm spring day in Baltimore when he was just 15, and they'd married a few years after he enlisted. Their son was born blind, but now seemed to be looking at Capers when he put his hand on his father's bed. In Vietnam, Capers had dreamed of this reunion, but now the bitter sting of shame was all he could feel.

The doctors told Capers he might never walk again. He had several surgeries, including a major skin graft to close the gaping hole above his right ankle. Soon he was in a body cast, then a wheelchair, then crutches. For months, Capers rarely got up from his hospital bed. Consumed with remorse and rage, he struggled to reconcile what had happened to him. One day, Dottie picked him up for a drive. She brought him to a parking lot and told him to get out of the car. He struggled from the passenger seat. Then

Dottie snatched his cane and walked away. No more self-pity.

"You can walk," she said, "and you're going to walk to me." And when she said it, Capers believed her. He thought about the man he was before, and he made his agonizing first steps into Dottie's arms. A few months later, Capers passed his medical review board, allowing him to stay in the Marines. Capers was awarded two Bronze Stars with Valor in Vietnam. Some of his men felt it was inadequate recognition for his battlefield exploits, but if Capers agreed, he kept it to himself. "I had never even thought about it really, because after Phu Loc, I felt like I had failed," he says.

DECADES LATER, IN EARLY 2007, CAPERS ATTENDED A NATIONAL Naval Officers Association dinner at Camp Lejeune. About half the officers gathered in dress uniforms were minorities. Lieutenant General Ronald S. Coleman delivered a speech and announced that Capers was being recommended for the Medal of Honor. The announcement was met with a wave of applause. Marines lined up to shake Capers' hand. "They had already anointed me," Capers says. "To them, I was already the first black Marine Corps officer to receive the Medal of Honor."

The idea to nominate Jim Capers for the Medal of Honor originated in the mind of Brigadier General James L. Williams. He credits his decision to join the military in 1976 to Capers' ASK A MARINE poster. By 2007, he was powerful enough to vindicate his personal hero, as well as the other members of Third Force Recon '66-67—now known as the "lost detachment" because its official records had been lost for years. Major General Walter Gaskin, another black Marine Corps officer and Williams' boss, threw his full support behind Williams' efforts. "Given the impact Capers had on the battlefield," says Williams, "it was important for his nomination to reflect the highest valor award."

The generals found their gunslinger in Corporal James Monroe Dixon III, 25, who was assigned to the Second Marine Division's personnel and administration section in 2007. A Georgian, Dixon had been wounded during his third infantry tour in Iraq. He was highly intelligent, with a thick drawl and unruly hair that earned him the nickname "Rooster."

Amazed by the accounts he heard from Capers' men, Dixon's enthusiasm for the Medal of Honor case reached the point of obsession. The submission grew well beyond what is typical of such documents, covering not just one event but Capers' entire tour in Vietnam.

Dixon was convinced he had discovered a precedent for this. But he was also inspired by the compelling witness statements he gathered from the men Capers had led in battle, a vivid portrait of a selfless, heroic leader. "None of us had his level of courage," Ron Yerman wrote. "None of us were as ready as he was to give his life for his men at any moment."

Team Broadminded's point man, Walter Doroski, agreed. "[I've] worked overseas in over 30 undeveloped countries on three continents for 25 years," he wrote. "I never found an equal to Lieutenant Capers' leadership, devotion to his mission and men, or courage in battle."

As Dixon built his case, only one voice was missing: that of Ken Jordan, Capers' old commanding officer. Jordan was the only member of Third Force to initially reject Dixon's request to support the effort. According to Dixon, Jordan said, "Not only no, but hell, no!" The gesture was interpreted by Capers' supporters as an affront, one that ripped open old wounds.

"NONE OF US HAD HIS LEVEL OF COURAGE," RON YERMAN WROTE. "NONE OF US WERE AS READY AS HE WAS TO GIVE HIS LIFE FOR MEN IN HIS TEAM."

Official notes from a phone interview between Dixon's superior and Jordan suggest that Jordan's reservations stemmed from a belief that Capers' Vietnam service had already been lauded enough. "Jim Capers, as good as he was, was just one of 40 great men," he said. Ultimately, Jordan offered a late, and tepid, endorsement in 2008—which included a few notes pointing out errors in Dixon's summary.

Jordan insists that he just wanted to get the facts straight. "I'd give Jim 16 Medal of Honors if he had the documentation for it," he says. "Jim will tell you how close we were. To lose his friendship because of this was and still is very deteriorating for me."

The Medal of Honor is the only military medal that must be approved by the president on behalf of Congress. First, however, the nomination must go through numerous layers of military bureaucracy. The man overseeing this process was Retired Colonel Lee Freund, head of the Marine Corps Awards Branch.

Freund and his staff reviewed the Capers package and kicked it back, citing a laundry list of administrative and procedural errors. Freund's advice was that Dixon's ambitious, cumulative approach to meeting the award criteria was not going to fly. The generals regrouped and recast the argument. This time the summary of action focused only on Phu Loc, Team Broadminded's doomed last patrol in Vietnam.

A year and a half later, in 2010, Jim Capers received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy. He had been awarded the Silver Star, two levels below the Medal of Honor. No explanation was given.

Freund stands firmly behind the Marine Corps' painstakingly detailed award system. "We charge the commanders endorsing these awards with maintaining our historical ethos," he tells *Maxim*. "Our standards are where they need to be. We don't cheapen awards." Others, like Gaskin, believe institutional racism was a factor and that Capers' honor is long overdue. "Our system isn't geared to look back and compare what impact racial prejudice would've had on the process," he says.

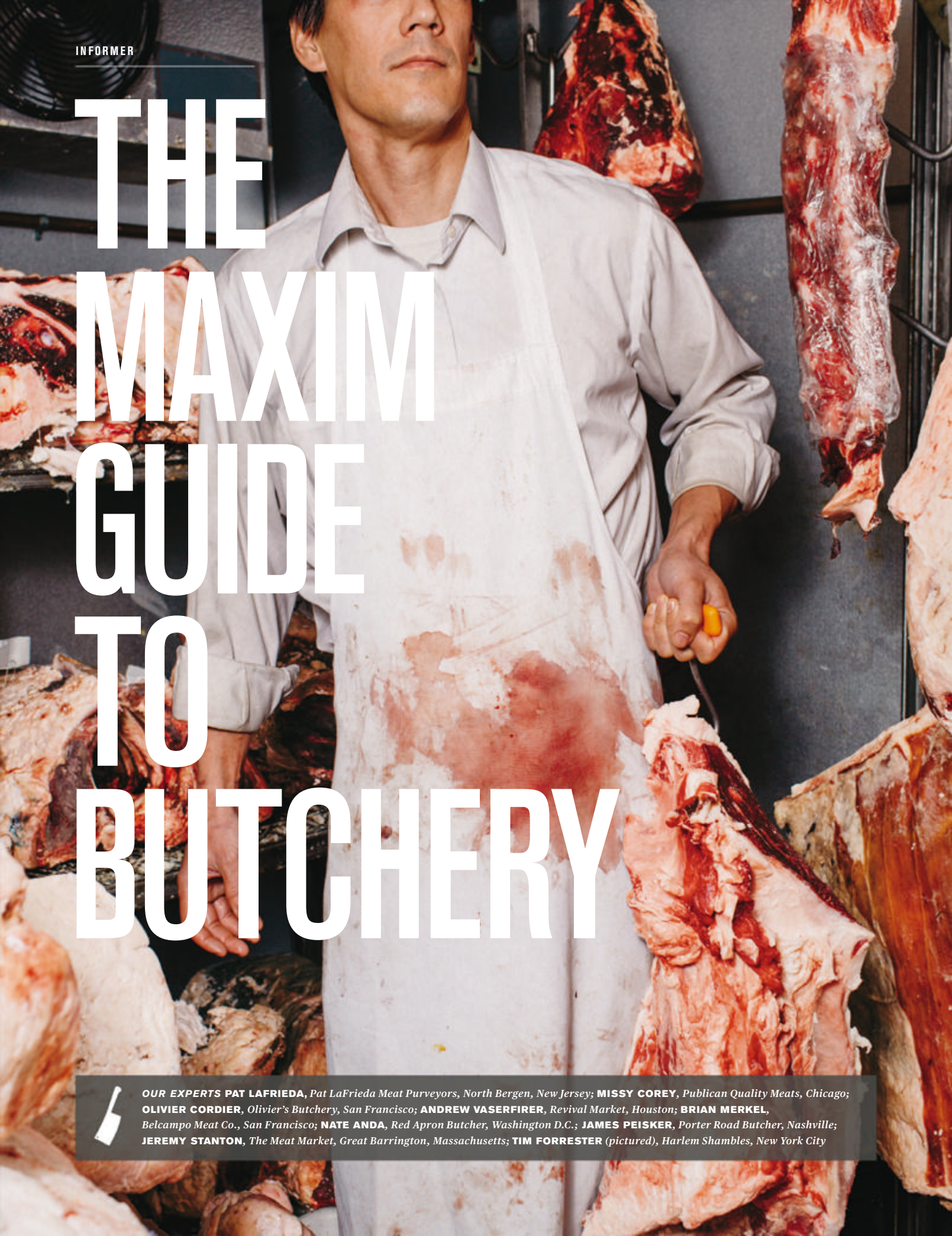
Doug Sterner, an archivist for the *Military Times*, has seen similar disputes before. "It's a very subjective award that depends very much on how well we tell the story," he explains. Still, he insists that race relations in the military were already starting to improve. "Vietnam was our first truly integrated war. Black Americans received 20 Medals of Honor—compared with only two black Americans in Korea and none in World War I and World War II, until the late upgrades."

Dixon ultimately convinced Capers to continue pushing for recognition. By then, Capers was alone. His son, Gary, had died in 2003 from a misdiagnosed ruptured appendix (Capers was awarded a settlement). Dottie passed away from cancer in 2009. He needed a mission, and Dixon provided one. The men spent months together, living in the same apartment in California, drafting petitions and working on Capers' memoir. Meanwhile, Dixon's own post-traumatic stress wasn't subsiding. In many ways, they were two battle-scarred Marines on the last patrol of their lives.

In February 2012, Dixon went to visit his family in Georgia. Neighbors called the sheriff's department around 3:50 A.M. on February 19 to say someone had fired shots on their property. Roughly five hours later, Dixon phoned Capers. "They have me surrounded!" he cried. "You're going to get the Medal of Honor, sir...I love you." Shortly thereafter, he stepped outside, and the Georgia State Patrol SWAT team ordered him to put down his gun. After failing to comply, he was shot and killed. Dixon was 30.

Capers spoke at Dixon's funeral. With a shaky voice, he explained to the crowd how Dixon "got it"—how he understood the importance of fighting for what is right. Capers' Silver Star was placed in the casket.

When Capers returned to California, he found himself alone once again—an old, arthritic warrior with shrapnel in his bones and a headful of hard memories. "I'd lost everything important to me," Capers says. "I guess I bought into the idea that the award was bigger than me because I needed to." He now feels that the recognition is secondary to giving due to his "lost detachment." For his supporters, that's reason enough to battle on. "I'm not going to get over it," says General Williams, now retired. "There's a failure to recognize a piece of history here. The fight isn't over." ■



INFORMER

THE MAXIM GUIDE TO BUTCHERY



OUR EXPERTS **PAT LAFRIEDA**, Pat LaFrieda Meat Purveyors, North Bergen, New Jersey; **MISSY COREY**, Publican Quality Meats, Chicago; **OLIVIER CORDIER**, Olivier's Butchery, San Francisco; **ANDREW VASERFIRER**, Revival Market, Houston; **BRIAN MERKEL**, Belcampo Meat Co., San Francisco; **NATE ANDA**, Red Apron Butcher, Washington D.C.; **JAMES PEISKER**, Porter Road Butcher, Nashville; **JEREMY STANTON**, The Meat Market, Great Barrington, Massachusetts; **TIM FORRESTER** (pictured), Harlem Shambles, New York City

WALKING INTO A BUTCHER'S SHOP can be intimidating, what with all the hunks of meat dangling from metal hooks and the guy in an apron Jackson Pollock-ed with blood. But rest assured: that cleaver is not meant for you. The butcher is your friend, equal parts culinary guide and meat carver, ready to educate you on everything from the best unsung cuts to how to cook the meat he's hacking up for you. Here, we unlock some of meat's most enduring mysteries, with an assist from the master butchers at America's greatest chop shops.

by **MATT BERICAL** and **CHRIS WILSON**



PRIME CUTS

BEHOLD THE FIVE FINEST PIECES OF BEEF AVAILABLE.

1 BONE-IN RIB EYE

Porter Road's James Peisker calls it "a big, swinging dick cut of beef." "It's by far the juiciest, most flavorful in the entire animal," he adds. Carved from the sixth through 12th ribs, it's ringed by a thick band of fat and beautifully marbled. Pan searing is best, and *never* cook it past medium rare.

2 SKIRT

A long, narrow belly cut, the skirt enjoys a zesty marinade and is never happier than when in a soft tortilla. Grilled, it's a can't-miss cookout favorite. Always ask for the outside skirt, not the inside. "It's thinner and has a lot more marbling, which gives it a beautiful, iron-rich flavor," Pat LaFrieda explains.

3 SHORT RIBS

Cut into chunks and braised, this beefy expanse just above the belly becomes fall-off-the-bone tender; sliced flanken-style (cut to expose a few sections of bone) and bathed in marinade, it makes hot coals swoon. Use leftover bones for beef stock, or wear them as a necklace—whatever works.

4 SIRLOIN CAP

This lean, angular standout from the hindquarters of the steer is incredibly marbled, with a moat of fat that imparts a distinctively rich taste. "It has more chew to it than the sirloin [from which it's sliced] but is far superior in flavor," says Peisker. Coat it with a rub or dunk it in marinade before flame grilling.

5 FLAT IRON

Sliced from the shoulder and marked by a line of connective tissue, this is beloved by the cognoscenti. Why? It's intensely flavorful and gloriously idiot-proof: Says Jeremy Stanton, "This is the second most tender cut in the steer, and it will remain so even if well done." But you know better than to do that, right?

CATTLE CALL

"AMERICA'S BUTCHER"
PAT LAFRIEDA LAYS
DOWN THE RULES OF
RAW MEAT.

DO Ask Questions

"Where does it come from? What was it fed? How old is the steer? Is it USDA graded? If he doesn't know the answers, definitely move on," LaFrieda warns.

DON'T Buy Prefrozen

"If meat tests positive for E. coli, it doesn't need to be tossed out. Under USDA regulations, it can be cooked to 165 degrees to kill the bacteria and frozen. It can then be sold. So beware of prefrozen burgers and meatballs."

DO Trust Your Nose

You know the scent of rancid meat—you should know the smell of high-quality meat, too. "Beef should have a very sweet odor; in the very best, you'll smell a little corn."

DON'T Buy Marinated

That pile of kabob meat bathing in teriyaki? Chances are, it's become oxidized. "The only way to market it is to marinate it. Watch out for any butcher that stocks a lot of marinated meat."

DO Know the Grade

Grocery-store meat not stamped with a USDA grade? "That's a telltale sign that it's an older, 'no roll' animal and of a poorer quality. Skip it."

DON'T Act Like a Know-It-All

Are you an amateur Bobby Flay or a sucker for Seamless? Clue your butcher in. He won't send you home with a hard-to-cook cut if you're not up to the challenge.

DO Consult Your Butcher

Craving flank steak? Great. Your meat man may be fresh out, but he'll likely suggest a similar steak (say, bavette) that's even more flavorful.



THE OFFAL TRUTH

THE INNER ORGANS OF A COW YIELD A BIG BOUNTY FOR CREATIVE COOKS. HERE'S A POWER TRIO OF THE BEST AND BEEFIEST "NASTY BITS."

1 BEEF TONGUE

Don't be afraid to indulge in one of the cheapest and most underrated cuts on the cow. Braise, then peel the skin off before searing or grilling. Or cut into cubes and slow-cook to a velvety tenderness, before pairing with cilantro and chopped onion for *tacos de lengua*. Since the tongue muscle gets so much exercise, this humble cut is always packed with an intense, iron-heavy flavor.

2 HONEYCOMB TRIPE

A freaky-looking delicacy that comes from the lining of one of a cow's four stomachs, honeycomb is the main kind of beef tripe sold at your local market or butcher shop. Savor its funky, distinct flavor via an old-school Italian preparation: Clean it thoroughly and braise or boil until tender before cooking for at least another hour in red sauce. Then serve it over a hunk of toasted semolina bread.

3 BEEF HEART

A tough, lean muscle, beef heart is frequently grilled kabob-style as *anticuchos*, a popular South American street food. But stateside, it's favored more by adventurous chefs than home cooks. Ask your butcher to trim the veins off, then have at it. "I really like searing it or braising it, or cutting it really thin and throwing it in a stir-fry," says Revival Market's Andrew Vaserfirer.

FINE GRINDS

SKIP THAT TIRED GROUND ROUND AND ASK FOR ONE OF THESE BOLD, BUTCHER-APPROVED BURGER MIXES.

JAMES PEISKER

"We sell a mix called the 50/50. It's our 14-day dry-aged whole-animal grind mixed with bacon ends. It's actually 70 percent beef, 30 percent bacon ends. It's insane. The 1:1 ratio turned out to be too fatty, and we lit a few of our friends' grills on fire."

70
BEEF

30
BACON BITS

MISSY COREY

"For our house mix we use one chuck-eye roll and one boneless short rib. It yields a great lean-to-fat ratio with serious taste. It also helps me use every part of the animal efficiently, which is very important to me."

80
CHUCK-EYE ROLL

20
SHORT RIBS

FOUR TO SCORE

THERE'S MORE TO SAMPLE THAN SIRLOIN. GO BRAVELY BEYOND YOUR USUAL BEEF ORDER AND DIG INTO ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING, UP-AND-COMING CUTS.



CHUCK EYE

Where is it from? The shoulder, or "chuck," of the steer.
What is it similar to? Rib eye, but with a bit more chew.
How do I prepare it? Keep it simple: Season with salt and toss it on the grill. Does well in a braise, too.



TRI-TIP

Where is it from? Near the hip portion of the sirloin.
What is it similar to? Like a less fatty brisket.
How do I prepare it? Smother in a smoky rub and cook over high heat.



PETITE TENDER

Where is it from? Directly on top of the shoulder blade.
What is it similar to? Filet mignon.
How do I prepare it? Grill until rare (the lack of fat makes it lose flavor) and serve with béarnaise sauce.



HANGER STEAK

Where is it from? The front of the belly. It "hangs" between the last rib and the loins.
What is it similar to? Grainy cuts like skirt or flank.
How do I prepare it? Drench in marinade and flame grill. Cook past medium rare and it'll be tough as a gym mat.



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PORCINE PLEASURES

PIG OUT ON FIVE BUTCHER-APPROVED CUTS THAT ARE THE FINEST ON THE SWINE.

1 BELLY

A fatty, rich cut of meat that turns meltingly tender after some time in the oven, pan, or grill, this cut is used in everything from porchetta to Korean-style stews. "It's amazingly versatile," says Harlem Shambles' Tim Forrester. Order fresh, skin-on, center-cut belly at the shop, as lean as possible. Each slice contains three layers: thick skin, a layer of fat, and ribbons of reddish meat just like bacon, which is what pork belly becomes when cured.

2 SHOULDER

Pork butt, or "picnic cut," is actually the bottom shoulder of the pig, a dense, well-striated section of muscle laced with lots of collagen. It's a butcher's favorite and meant for smokers or slow cookers. "There's nothing much to it," says Meat Market's Jeremy Stanton. "When cooked low and slow, it holds together yet becomes ultra-tender."

3 RIB EYE

Craving a juicy chop? Treat yourself to this choice cut. Basically a boneless pork chop from the rib section, it's thicker and bolder in flavor. There's a sublime swath of fat surrounding it, which melts and insulates when cooking. Pan searing is preferred.

4 PORK SKIRT STEAK

Occasionally referred to as the *secreto*, this is one of the cuts butchers prefer to keep for themselves. If you can find it, snatch it up, as the long cut is similar to the more popular tenderloin but with a bit more fat and flavor. "Give it some acidity, season it, and grill a killer piece of meat," says Red Apron Butcher's Nate Anda.

5 COLLAR

This is the part of the shoulder that runs from the base of the neck to the tip of the loin. Cured and thinly sliced, it's a centerpiece of antipasto, commonly called *coppa*. Left whole, it's ideal for roasting, with thin skin that crisps up over the fatty, tender meat. "It has that perfect meat-to-fat ratio," says Revival Market's Andrew Vaserfirer. "It's really flavorful and versatile."



HERITAGE HOGS

Unlike beef, which has varying muscle, fat content, and flavor, pork is more uniform. Your best bet? Look for breeds like Hampshire or Berkshire.

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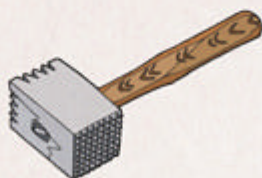
MEAT THERMOMETER

No amount of steak soothsaying can replace the accuracy and peace of mind of a good, old-fashioned thermometer. *We like: All-Clad Oven Probe Thermometer, \$50; williams-sonoma.com*



SHARPENING STEEL

The most dangerous thing in a kitchen? A dull blade. Use this to ensure yours stay sharp. *We like: Zwilling J.A. Henckels Sharpening Steel, \$60; surlatable.com*



TENDERIZING Mallet

Use it to beat lesser cuts of meat into submission to break up chewy collagen and enhance flavor. *We like: Oxo Good Grips Meat Tenderizer, \$15; oxo.com*



BONING KNIFE

Tapered blade, slight flex, sharp point. Easy to maneuver and essential for slicing along the bone. *We like: Wüsthof 5 1/2-Inch Boning Knife, \$115; williams-sonoma.com*



MAPLE CUTTING BOARD

Maple is solid enough to survive chopping but soft enough to keep a knife from dullsville. *We like: John Boos Maple R-Board, \$62; johnboos.com*

HERE'S THE RUB



UNSURE OF HOW TO SEASON PORK? TRY THIS SWEET, SPICY RUB, COURTESY OF CRAIG KOKETSU OF NEW YORK CITY'S QUALITY MEATS.

SAVORY SOUTHERN PORK RUB

8 Tbs. paprika
4 Tbs. garlic powder
2 Tbs. onion powder
4 Tbs. fresh ground black pepper
2 Tbs. mustard powder
6 Tbs. kosher salt
2 Tbs. dark chili powder

Combine all ingredients, and coat swine. Allow to rest for 4 hours before cooking.



HIT THE LINKS

WHEN IT COMES TO BUTCHER SHOP SAUSAGE, VARIETY IS KEY.

Shopping for sausages at a butcher shop is more than selecting hot or sweet Italian; it's an opportunity to try their house-made meat missiles, which are vastly superior (and contain far fewer additives and preservatives) than supermarket links. "Sausages are like meat candy, a rainbow of colors and flavors," says Missy Corey of Publican Quality Meats, which makes nearly 20 varieties. Her favorite? "A snail boudin," she says. "It's a pork-based sausage with confit escargot, a touch of cream, and some fines herbes."

Essential Skill

BUTCHER'S KNOT

TYING A ROAST HELPS KEEP ITS JUICES AND SHAPE INTACT. HERE'S THE NEED-TO-KNOW KNOT THAT KEEPS IT TIGHT.



Place a two-foot-long piece of twine under one end of your roast, leaving about half an inch on one end.



Tie an overhand knot around one end of the string, and pull tight.



Using the long end, form a loop around your fingers and slide it onto the short end.



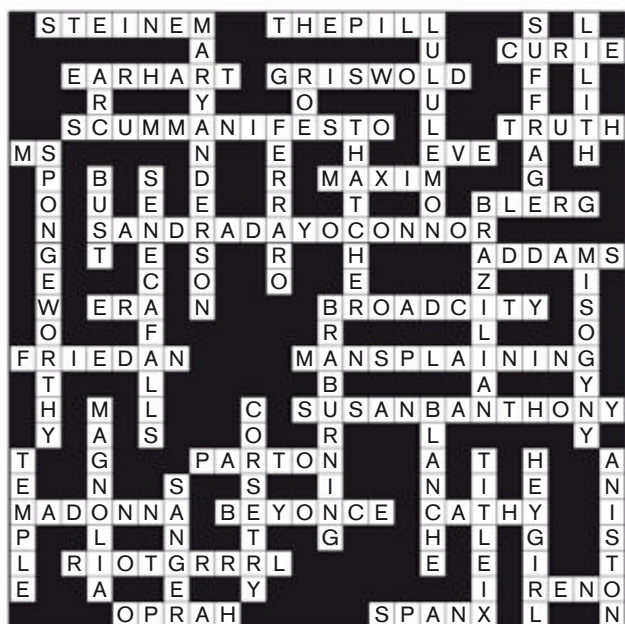
Pull both ends to tighten the knot. Cut and repeat, moving along the roast.

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p. 32: Jorg Badura
p. 36: Cash, officialpsds.com; arms, from left: Joel Auerbach/Getty Images; Brett Carlsen/Getty Images; Bruce Bennett/Getty Images; Brett Carlsen/Getty Images. Basketball, Getty Images; Indiana fan, Cal Sport Media via AP Images; UNC fan, Leverone/Sporting News/Icon/Newscom; Clemson fan, Joshua S. Kelly-USA TODAY Sports
p. 42: Bambaataa, Paul Natkin/Getty Images; Gaye, Ebet Roberts/Redferns; Beastie Boys, Ebet Roberts/Redferns/Getty Images; Loose Ends, Ebet Roberts/Redferns; Collins, Frank Micelotta/AFP/Getty Images; Ice T, AP Photo/Reed Saxon; Talking Heads, © Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis; LL Cool J, Frank Micelotta/AFP/Getty Images; Houston, Ebet Roberts/Redferns/Getty Images; Base and Rock, Janette Beckman/Getty Images; 2 Live Crew, Janette Beckman/Redferns/Getty Images; Plastikman, Kevin Cummins/Getty Images; Outkast, RJ Capak/WireImage/Getty Images; Beck, © Jeremy Bembaron/Synga/Corbis; Three 6 Mafia, Gregg DeGuire/WireImage/Getty Images; Sublime, Tim Mosenfelder/Getty Images; Aphex Twin, Kristy Sparow/Getty Images; Usher, Heidi Gutman/ABC via Getty Images; Kelis, AP Photo/Keystone, Peter Klauzner; Spears, Chris Polk/FilmMagic/Getty Images; West, Kevin Mazur/WireImage/Getty Images; Black Eyed Peas, Jun Sato/WireImage/Getty Images; Brown, Kevin Mazur/Getty Images for Anheuser-Busch; Keys and Krates, Neilson Barnard/Getty Images for Samsung Galaxy; Lil Jon, Jason DeCrown/Invision for Zumba Fitness/AP Images; Madonna, Kevin Mazur/WireImage/Getty

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p. 46: Jon Compson/folio-id.com
p. 48: Basquiat, © 2015 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Basquiat painting, GINIES/SIPA/AP Images; Murillo, Kevin Scanlon/ArtMix/CPi Syndication; Murillo painting, Rex Features/AP Images
p. 65: Greg Noire
p. 66: SXSU, Adam Kissick; Ultra, Drew Ressler/Rukes.com
p. 68: Leather sneakers, price upon request, Prada; available at prada.com.
p. 70: Coat, \$1,795, Burberry; available at mrporter.com. Denim shirt, \$80, and Silver Bullet light-wash jeans, Calvin Klein Jeans; available at calvinklein.com. Seamaster Aqua Terra Master Co-Axial watch, \$19,400, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Emerald-green intrecciato oxidized silver nappa bracelet, \$400, Bottega Veneta; available at Bottega Veneta boutiques.
p. 72: Striped crew, \$40, Nautica; available at Lord & Taylor. Pleated crop pants, \$295, Michael Kors; available at michaelkors.com. Silver anchor necklace, \$95, Miansai, available at the Miansai store, NYC, and miansai.com. Link Chronograph Calibre 16 Automatic Chronograph 43, \$6,700, TAG Heuer; available at tagheuer.com. Brown leather sailing bracelet with steel clasp, \$210, OMEGA; available at OMEGA boutiques nationwide. Leather belt, \$375, Giorgio Armani, available at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Bahama Boot Hawaiian in navy, \$80, Sperry; available at sperry.com.
p. 107: All courtesy of James Capers Jr.
p. 108: Larry Burrows/The LIFE Picture Collection/Getty Images
p. 110: Ethan Locke
p. 118: The Selby/Trunk Archive

PLEASE SEE CROSSWORD ON FOLLOWING PAGE.



Legal Notice

If You Had a PlayStation Network, Qriocity, or Sony Online Entertainment Account Before May 15, 2011,

You Could Get Benefits from a Class Action Settlement.

A settlement has been reached with the Sony Entities in a class action lawsuit about the illegal and unauthorized attacks (the "Intrusions") in April 2011, on the computer network systems used to provide PlayStation Network ("PSN"), Qriocity, and Sony Online Entertainment ("SOE") services.

The Sony Entities deny any claims of wrongdoing in this case, and the settlement does not mean that the Sony Entities violated any laws or did anything wrong.

WHO IS INCLUDED?

The Class includes everyone in the US (including its territories) who had a PSN account, a Qriocity account, or an SOE account at any time before May 15, 2011.

WHAT DOES THE SETTLEMENT PROVIDE?

There are various benefits, depending in part on what type of account(s) you had. Benefits you could get (if you qualify) include:

- Payment equal to paid wallet balances (if \$2 or more) in PSN or SOE accounts that have been inactive since the Intrusions,
- One or more of the following: a free PS3 or PSP game, 3 free PS3 themes, or a free 3-month subscription to PlayStation Plus (once valid claims exceed \$10 million, class members will still be eligible for one free month of PlayStation Plus),
- A free month of Music Unlimited for Qriocity accountholders who did not have a PSN account,
- \$4.50 in SOE Station Cash (amounts will be reduced proportionally if valid claims exceed \$4 million).

Identity Theft Reimbursement: If you had out-of-pocket charges due to actual identity theft, and have documentation proving that the theft was caused by the Intrusion(s), you can submit a claim for reimbursement up to \$2,500. Reimbursements will be reduced proportionally if the total amount payable on all valid claims would exceed \$1 million.

HOW CAN YOU ASK FOR BENEFITS?

You need to file a claim to be eligible for benefits. Claim forms are available at www.PSNSoESettlement.com or by calling 1-877-552-1284. The earliest deadline to file a claim is **August 31, 2015**, or 60 days after the settlement becomes final and effective. Visit the website for more details on submitting a claim online or by mail.

YOUR OTHER OPTIONS.

Even if you do nothing, you will be bound by the Court's decisions. If you want to keep your right to sue the Sony Entities yourself, you must exclude yourself from the Settlement Class by **April 10, 2015**. If you stay in the Settlement Class, you may object to the settlement by **April 10, 2015**. The detailed notice, available at the website or by phone, explains how to exclude yourself or object.

The Court will hold a hearing in this case on **May 1, 2015**, to consider whether to approve the settlement, and a request by Class Counsel for fees, costs, and expenses up to \$2,750,000. You or your own lawyer may appear and speak at the hearing at your own expense.

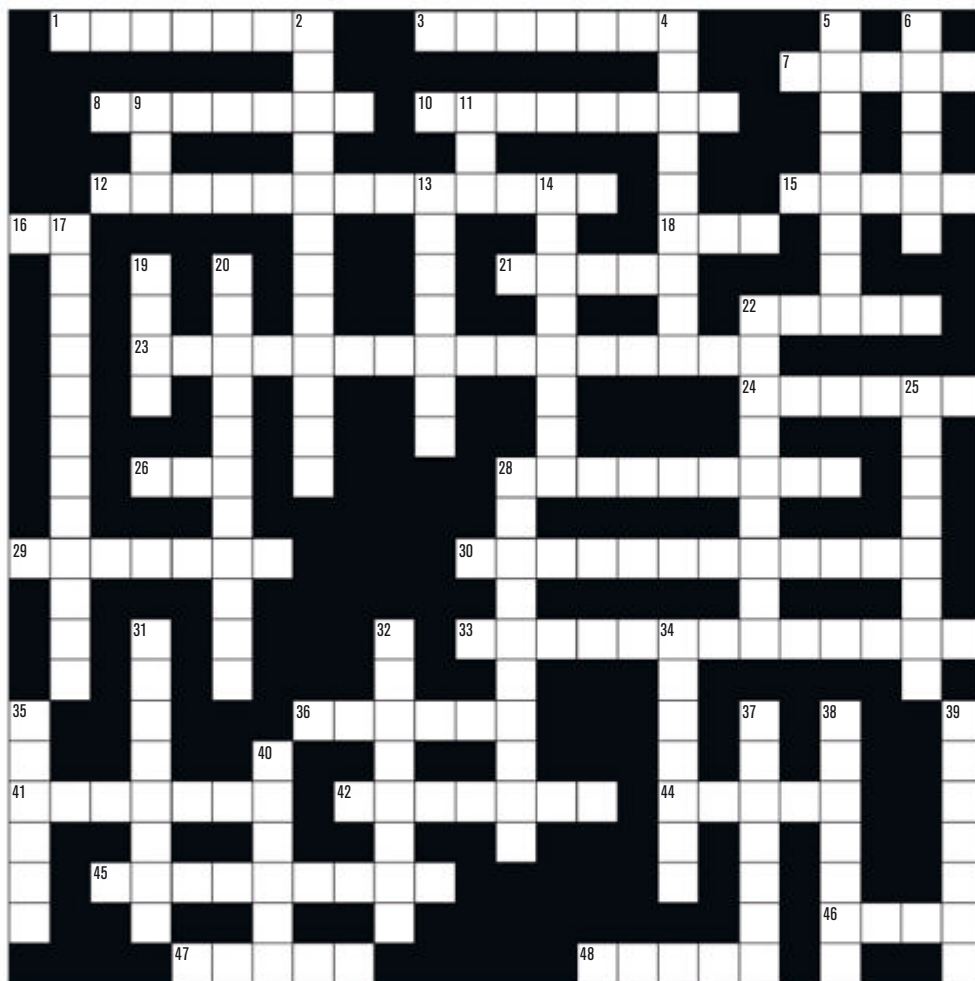
For More Information and Claim Forms

www.PSNSoESettlement.com

1-877-552-1284

LET'S MAKE HER-STORY!

AS YOU WELL KNOW, MARCH IS **WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH**. TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF PROMINENT LADIES AND FEMALE-FRIENDLY CONCEPTS, AND BE SURE TO CHECK YOUR "PRIVILEGE" AT THE DOOR.



ACROSS

1. Playboy Bunny turned legendary feminist
3. Sworn enemy of sperm
7. She's radioactive
8. Original "fly" girl
10. Sued Connecticut over contraception
12. Warhol shooter's opus
15. Delivered "Ain't I a Woman?" speech
16. Neither Mrs. nor Miss
18. Came from Adam's rib
21. Keeper of the hallowed Hot 100
22. Exasperated *30 Rock*-ism
23. First queen of her court
24. Nobel-winning sociologist
26. Still waiting!
28. Funnier than *Girls*
29. Had a certain mystique
30. Patronizing dude-speak
33. 100 gets you a Benjamin
36. Working 9-to-5
41. Once posed nude with Vanilla Ice
42. Mike Huckabee bugaboo
44. "Aaaaack!"
45. Sleater-Kinney was a standard-bearer
46. David Koresh's nemesis
47. Living her best life
48. May prevent dreaded "muffin top"

DOWN

2. Invented windshield wiper in 1903
4. Known for see-through yoga pants
5. Hard-won right
6. Indigo Girls played here
9. Fiery, 19-year-old Frenchie staked claim
11. Has abortion, caviar in common
13. Mondale's muse
14. The "Iron Lady"
17. Elaine's paramours
19. How do we subscribe?
20. Where it all started
22. J Sisters' specialty
25. Deeply uncool behavior
28. Freed the nipple in 1970s
31. Bradshaw's fave bakery
32. An extremely tight fit
34. Widely considered "sluttiest" Golden Girl
35. No. 1 box-office star, 1935-38
37. Boon for field hockey
38. Quoth "the Goz"
39. Still not pregnant
40. "Control" freak

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Ethan Hawke
New York, November 2014